



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



The Rose-bud

11



600059643X





EAST FRONT of WINDSOR CASTLE



THE ROSE-BUD:

A Christian Gift to the Young.



THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;

56, PATERNOSTER-ROW; 164, PICCADILLY.

1853.

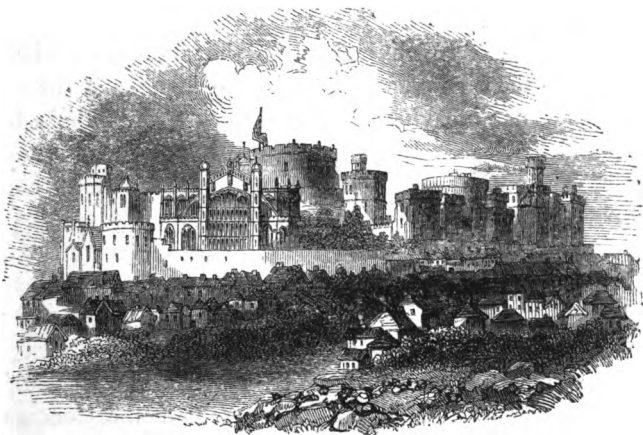
CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE ROYAL CASTLE	1
THE YULE GUESTS OF THE FOREST	7
THE FAIRY	29
THE BROKEN ROSEBUDS	32
THE COVETED HATCHET	47
THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY	59
THE PET LAMB	63
THE PEBBLE AND THE ACOBN	75
THE EMPEROR'S LIBRARIAN; OR, THE HISTORY OF VALENTINE DUVAL	78
THE SERVICE OF LOVE	103
THE HONEST MILLER OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE	113
THE PROMISE FULFILLED	117
THE REGALIA; OR, CROWN JEWELS OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND .	130
THE FAMILY BIBLE	140
HAMPTON COURT PALACE	141
THE WRITTEN NAME	145
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL	153
THE TWO CHRISTMAS DAYS	154

	PAGE
THE LOST HOUR	169
ENGLAND'S OAK	182
A SCENE IN THE WEST INDIES	184
SEED-TIME AND HARVEST	186
THE ROBIN REDBREAST	205
THE RAINBOW IN THE CLOUD	209
THE PINK DAISY	211
THE LOST GUINEA	217
THE ALPINE HORN	225
TRUTH IN TRIFLES	226
THE LIFE OF A LOOKING-GLASS	230
THE LOVELIEST SIGHT	246
"FINIS"	249



The Rose-Bud.



THE ROYAL CASTLE.

IN former times Windsor Castle was reckoned half a day's journey from London: it may now be reached in a railway train in less than an hour. This convenience of approach has made it the resort of thousands, who wish to

spend a holiday in a visit to this oldest and most interesting of the palaces of England's queen. And now, on bright summer mornings, happy groups of young and old are seen on their way thither, to behold its many curious objects, to enjoy a walk on its noble terraces, and quietly to stroll through its richly wooded parks.

The castle is of much interest to the student of history. It has been the birthplace, the domestic home, and the tomb of kings. Some have here kept their court, and others have here found a prison. In its turn it has been a fortress, where they have stoutly resisted the attack of their foes, and a banqueting house, in which they have royally entertained their friends. So far back as the days of the early Saxons, warlike kings built a strongly fortified palace on this spot, and called it Wyndleshora, from the winding banks of the river Thames, which passed near its walls. Edward the Confessor lived here, and received his barons and warriors after the rude fashion of the times. William the Conqueror, charmed by the beauty of the place, erected a new castle for his abode. The first Henry added to its towers and walls, until it became the strongest fortress of the land, next to the Tower of London. After Richard the First came to the throne, Windsor Castle was twice besieged and taken, and the blood of knights and warriors was plenteously shed within and without its walls. Edward the Third, who was born

here, engaged William of Wykeham, a celebrated architect, to add to its buildings, to such an extent, as nearly to rebuild the castle, and rewarded his services with one shilling per day, while five hundred workmen, who were under his orders, were paid at the rate of one penny. Such was the difference in the value of money in that age compared with the present. In the time of queen Elizabeth and James the First it was the scene of pageants, feasts, and tilting matches, in which lords and ladies mingled gaily, decked in gold, jewels, velvet, and lace. Many strange sights, indeed, were witnessed here, till, at length, it became the peaceful home of George the Third, who lived at Windsor almost like a private gentleman, and from his love of rural employments obtained the name of "Farmer George," a name more honourable than that obtained by all the warrior kings who have worn the British crown.

Windsor Castle is built on rising ground in one of the most lovely spots in the British islands. From the top of one of its towers, it is said, the spectator may look into eleven counties. On one side forests and parks, and on the other, towns, villages, and cultivated fields, spread out to the view. The Home Park, the Great Park, and the Long Walk, three miles in extent, with a colossal statue of George the Third in the distance, claim the admiration of every spectator: all is grand, bright, and beautiful.

"Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again.
Not chaos-like, together crush'd and bruised,
But, as the world, harmoniously confused :
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day.
There, interspersed in lawns and open glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
Here in full light the russet plains extend ;
There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
E'en the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn."—POPE.

A visitor will find many a pleasant walk beneath the castle walls, where the lofty elm, the wide-spread branches of the beech, and the ivy-crowned oak afford a cool and pleasant shade. Or he may penetrate into the recesses of the forest, and see wild herons and wood-pigeons flying high above his head, hares and rabbits running for shelter under the green fern, herds of deer clustering beneath the silvery blossoms of the wild cherry and ash-trees, or flocks of white Cashmere goats bounding from hill to dale.

The castle itself offers much to interest the stranger. The keep is an ancient round tower, and from its battlements an extensive and varied prospect is obtained. In it the young Scottish king, James the First, was confined as a prisoner.

The noble terrace, built by queen Elizabeth, with the shady slopes below, is a favourite spot with all. The towers, batteries, moats, and loopholes, speak of troublous times, long since gone by.

The principal parts of the castle to which the public are admitted, are the Queen's Audience Chamber, with its fine painted ceiling; the Presence Chamber, in which is a variety of the most beautiful tapestry, representing the Scripture history of queen Esther and Mordecai; the Vandyke Room, filled with the choicest paintings of the artist of that name; the Waterloo Chamber, where are hung the portraits of those kings, ambassadors, and generals, who were engaged in the overthrow of Napoleon, and the bringing about the peace of Europe; the Ball Room, glittering with burnished gold; the State Banqueting Room, two hundred feet in length; and the Guard Chamber, with its groups of spears, shields, and coats of polished mail. In the centre of this latter room is a bust of admiral Nelson, placed on a block of wood, once part of the mainmast of his famous ship, the Victory; and the "Wellington Chair," made from part of the elm-tree which stood in the centre of the British forces at the battle of Waterloo.*

* Admittance is gained to the State Apartments on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, April to October, from 11 to 4; November to March, 11 to 3; to the private gardens on Saturday. Tickets are to be had of the principal London printsellers, or from the Board of Green Cloth.

St. George's Chapel is one of the most beautiful structures of the kind in the world. Its fine stained windows, highly decorated roof, graceful columns like branches of the palm-tree, and rich screen-work, together with its curious monuments, make it an object of special attraction. But that which most of all arrests the eye is the white marble monument to the memory of the Princess Charlotte, erected by subscription, to mark a nation's sorrow and affection. The subject is Death and Immortality. On the lower part is represented a corpse, with mourners in different attitudes of grief. Over this is an open sepulchre, from which the figure of the princess rises, accompanied by angels.

Our coloured frontispiece shows the east front of Windsor Castle, as seen from the queen's garden. A walk on the terrace of this part of the palace gives a fine view of the country for a great distance around. Smooth green lawns and verdant slopes, with groups of trees, whose foliage varies from the darkest purple to the lightest tints of green, appear on every side. In the centre, beds of myrtles, geraniums, and other choice flowers, surround a variety of statues and vases. And at this point the venerable and stately turrets and towers of the right royal castle rise on the view in all their grandeur and beauty. The whole scene impresses the mind with a sense of the security, comfort, and luxury with which a British queen can live in the midst of a peaceable

and loyal people. Long may Her Majesty queen Victoria enjoy her royal home ; and at last, when

“Sceptre and crown shall tumble down,
And all in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade,”

may she receive a kingdom that shall not pass away, and wear a crown that shall never fade.

J. H. C.

THE YULE GUESTS OF THE FOREST.

THERE is no day in the whole year more delightful to the Swedes than that which is called Yule eve, or the evening before Christmas day. The latter day is not so much one of feasting and of family meetings as it is generally in England, it is observed in a more religious manner ; the evening before, and the day following it, are much more festive times. On that evening every Swedish house is decked out for its grandest festival ; from the king's palace to the peasant's wooden cot the same observances are maintained ; and in the gay capital of Stockholm every window, and every closed door, may seem only partially to conceal the gladness that reigns within. On the Yule eve, of which I am now to relate a story, it was not the houses alone which were bright and sparkling. Never did earth's

winter dress shine more glitteringly white than on this joyful day. The sun cast its beams over trees bedecked with thick rime-frost, and sparkling with ice-diamonds which reflected its light in innumerable colours, so that nature itself appeared to partake in the human gladness that prevailed, and to choose the garb most adapted to increase it.

We shall now look into a great house in the beautiful capital, Stockholm, in which I am writing.

The twilight, the long, clear twilight of this northern climate, has already drawn on; the short daylight has scarcely lasted longer than from ten to three o'clock; already the lamps and candles begin to glitter forth from the numerous and large windows: it will not, however, be quite dark for a long time; it will not, in fact, be dark at all to-night, for the moon will blend its rays with the lengthened twilight, and turn it into a clear whiteness, clearer, though more pale, and far more beautiful than the light of day. Well, this twilight has drawn on; the ground is all snow-white, the houses, the streets, all are white, but all is hard and glittering; the artificial lights sparkle out like stars over the frosty scene, and a deep crimson hue still hangs a charming drapery over the distant western horizon. We look into a fine house, and there we see a very large room—it is not like any room in an English house—there is no carpet on the floor, although other rooms in the same house are carpeted; the windows are

not curtained, nor closed with shutters; there are two window frames, and between the two stand some exotics; many tall plants are in the room, and ivy, which is such a common, and even troublesome plant in England, is here cultivated in pots and trained before the windows, as quite a rare thing which does not grow in the open air. There is no fire-place here, but an immense stove of porcelain reaches quite from the floor to the ceiling; in this a few logs of wood are lighted, and when they are burned down the hot embers are shut up, and in two or three hours time the room will be very warm. Long tables are here laid out for supper; the great Yule candles stand upon them. From the ceiling hangs a large chandelier, whose glass drops sparkle like the icicles out of doors. Near to the table stands a huge basket full of Christmas presents for all the household and for all the invited guests; these will be distributed this evening. But the most charming sight for young eyes, and I confess for mine also, is the Christmas tree. There it stands in the centre of the room. It is a bushy young fir, planted in a tub. The top of the tub is covered with green things, which hang quite over it, and make it look like a little mound of earth. The branches are all hung with small wax tapers, disposed in the form of stars: when lighted up, the appearance of such a Yule tree, especially when seen from the street, is quite charming. There are also many shining ornaments on the boughs, confectionary, and

presents for the little ones. This is the children's tree; and there is also the children's table. See how beautifully it is laid out! In the centre stands the Yule light, which no Swede, poor or rich, will be without, if it can by any means be procured. This Yule light is now a pretty branch candlestick, nicely decorated, and holding many small tapers of various colours.

The whole aspect of this great room speaks of gladness, comfort, and joy. It is a room which, in Swedish houses, forms a sort of entrance to the other, and more private apartments: it is used for meals and for entertainments. The hour draws nigh when all the family, and most of the relatives of this head of a family, shall assemble here, to exchange Christmas gifts and partake of their celebrated Christmas-eve supper. The sound of rapid feet traversing the streets, tell us that such meetings are nearly universal, and in every eye, which scarcely glances on the solitary stranger in passing, one may fancy one reads a strong unbelief of the fact that any human creature is alone, unknown, unnoticed, in this great and joyful festival.

We look on, and ask ourselves, Are there then no sorrowing hearts in the world? none, at least, in this land of Sweden? no friendless, homeless human creatures? no children for whom no Yule table is prepared; for whom no Yule light burns; children who hunger and freeze in the cold street, or

within dark and silent rooms? We might think there are not, for every one looks glad, and gay, and busy, and we see few poor, and are not solicited by beggars. But look! two little ones just now approach the great court door of this house. There are no hall doors here with knockers or bells: this large door leads to a court, or yard, and at the side of the covered passage looking to this court, you find a wide flight of stone steps. You must ascend these, and you find the door of the house you want, sometimes up one, two, three, or four flights of these great stone stairs.

The little ones had stood in the street and gazed up at the cheerfully shining windows, and the little girl said to her elder brother, whose hand she held, "How beautiful do these great windows look! many Christmas lights must no doubt be burning here."

The little boy answered her, "Certainly here must dwell some very great and noble lord."

"I am sure," she rejoined, "he would give us some little Christmas gift, at least enough to buy us a Yule candle, or some Yule bread."

"Let us try that," said he, and led her up the court door.

Who were these children who thus wandered through the gay and busy town, without a friend to welcome them, a house to receive them, a Yule table to sit down to, a Yule

light to sparkle for them? I will tell you their story, in the hope that on some future Christmas eve, if you may not have done so on a past one, you may think of Jesus Christ, and remember his little ones, who are often left in poverty and sorrow on earth, and yet for whom the Saviour, the Lord of glory, was born, for whom he lived, and for whom he died.

On the edge of one of the forests which surround Stockholm, there dwelt an honest and good workman, who earned his daily bread as a woodcutter. He was poor, but as he never drank bränvin—that bad spirit which does so much mischief in the north—his industry, with that of his wife, was sufficient to maintain a small family in decency and even comfort. They brought up their two little children well, teaching them from the first to obey their parents, and also guided them in the knowledge and fear of God, the Father and Ruler of all. Every one in Sweden is obliged to learn to read and write; this is one of the best regulations of the country. If a prisoner on trial be found to be utterly ignorant and uninstructed, the officers of the government write to the clergyman of the parish to which that person belongs, and inquire the reason of this neglect, and the clergyman must answer that inquiry. Parents are therefore obliged to instruct their children at home, in case the school is too distant from them. In the evenings, you might often see either the father or mother of these children teaching them to read, and the

boy at an early age was able to read well in the New Testament. The small wooden house in which they lived, was made to look neat and pretty without much trouble or expense. Like many others of the same kind in this country, it was painted a bright red; its good-sized and clear windows had green frames, and the sloping roof came projecting down over the green door in order to defend it from the storms and cold, so that it looked like a sheltered little nest for the woodman, there on the edge of that dark forest, whose large firs were green amid the snows of winter, and blended charmingly with the foliage of the oak and birch in summer. Then there were pleasant Yule eves in the lowly cot; then the Yule supper was duly prepared, the long candle was set up, and some guest, poorer than the hosts, was bidden to the feast. The children's Yule table was set out on a stool, a few cakes and comfits were laid upon it; the father made a splendid branch candlestick of pieces of stick twined round with moss, and fixed little bits of candle in tin sockets on these branches, and two good apples were put upon the sharp-pointed top of the young fir-tree which the father brought from the forest, and planted for them in a corner of the small kitchen; so that these poor children were as glad and happy when Yule eve came, as were the rich children who were more loaded with gifts and luxuries.

But this ended soon. The boy could now remember only

two Christmas eves, and the little girl but one, when the good father made them so happy: when he had shared their pleasures, told them the tales they delighted to hear, and closed the evening with the Christmas hymn they were accustomed to sing.

Shortly after that Christmas eve, the good father met with his death while at work in the forest. The next Yule eve, there was no father in the small wooden house; the mother was sad, but she did not cause the children to suffer by her sadness. She had worked hard all that year. The women of Sweden generally work harder than the men; they labour both at home and abroad. In summer they are in the fields; they carry loads, drive carts, act even as postilions, and drive travellers with post-horses, and tow boats on the lakes. In winter, they are seen drawing hand-sledges with heavy loads of wood, or provisions for the markets; and at home they weave in looms webs of strong linen, or of wool, or of cotton and wool mixed; they knit their own stockings, and usually make their own clothing, for wearing apparel is very dear in Sweden, if not home-made.

We must admire the good mother of these two children, who worked for her daily bread, fulfilled her daily duties, bore resignedly the lot God had assigned to her, and took good care of the children he had given her, remembering him in all her ways, and trying, even in her lonely life and humble

manner, to act as the follower of her Lord and Saviour. And after her hard day's work her son read to her, by the light of a resin-pine torch, the holy and comfort-bringing words of Christ. Then Christmas eve came once again; not so merrily, not so happily, for there was no father now in the little red house, to light up the wooden-branch candlestick, and set up the Yule tree in its corner; but still Christmas eve came once again; there was a mother still, and in her grief for the dead she did not lose her love and thoughtfulness for the living. See! this last Christmas eve she has herself made up the Yule lights, and placed the Yule tree in its corner; the two good apples are on its top, for she has saved a few copper coins and bought them, and also some little material to make Yule bread, and a few lozenges for the children's table, to gladden their hearts and tell them that the joyful eve had come again.

The widow and her children took their last Yule supper together: they sang the last Yule song they should ever sing on earth together—that hymn of praise to the Saviour who was born at Bethlehem for the world's redemption. The husband and wife had sung that hymn when as yet they had no child; the father and mother had sung it when the first little one sat upon their knees; the parents had sung it with the children on the last Christmas eve they should ever celebrate together on earth; and then the father

had told them tales of the holy child Jesus, whom his mother laid in the manger of Bethlehem.

Now the father had gone where the song of praise for that great event ascendeth to the throne of the Lamb for ever, where the birth of the Lord of hosts into a world of sin and sorrow is chief among the wondrous things which his angels desire to look into. The father was gone, yet still that simple Yule song was heard within the little red house, and still were tales of the birth, the life, the grace, the tenderness of the holy child Jesus repeated within the wooden cot. Thus closed the last Yule eve in the woodcutter's little red house. Before another came round, other owners dwelt therein ; and the winter's snow already lay deep on the grave where they had not long placed the mother's body to rest at the side of the father's.

The children were alone ; they had no relations to take care of them, and were, what is called in England, upon the parish ; and which, in Sweden, signifies, that they were allowed to roam from house to house and place to place, finding food, lodging, all that their destitution required, within the bounds of their own parish. The people of each parish in Sweden are thus obliged to provide for those of their own poor who are unable, from age, infirmity, or other good cause, to work. These poor are sometimes billeted for a certain time on each house, and, if unable to walk themselves, their entertainers must

convey them to the next station. It may be supposed that this compulsory charity is not always pleasantly given ; at best it is a sorrowful thing for children to be left to such a life ; sometimes, to avoid this, the parishes pay a certain sum to the guardians of the poor, and children are then placed in foster houses ; but this system, as among ourselves, has sometimes its evils too. The poor in Sweden are not so numerous, nor so miserable as the poor in richer England ; nevertheless there are poor and destitute creatures here also ; these children were now among them.

Christmas eve was coming again ; the hearts of the parish wanderers were sad. In every house, rich and poor, preparations of some sort were going on, but no one was preparing for them : they thought of former Christmas times, of their last happy Yule eve. Little Lilia was not satisfied to think they should have no Yule tree, no Yule supper.

They wandered on through the forest until they got quite beyond the limits of their parish, and then they took it into their heads they would go on even to the fine capital, and see if the grand folks of Stockholm would not do something for them. Now, though the helpless poor are entitled to aid, and not to reproach, within the bounds of their own parishes, they are accounted vagabonds when they seek for it elsewhere. The children did not know, or did not think of this ; and so it had come to pass that they wandered on, and stood, on the

Yule eve I have described, before the great house that was so gaily decked out for the festival.

The children had entered the large door; they mounted the wide stone staircase, holding the iron hand-rail that ran along by the wall, for the wooden soles of their shoes were laden with snow and ice, and became slippery as they tried to ascend the steps. Servants and messengers had been passing to and fro, so that the door of the house which led into the corridor stood open. This corridor is a sort of small hall, which is used for taking off boots, goloshes, and cloaks; just before its door was also the door of the large saloon I have described, which likewise lay open: every one happened to be busy, or certainly these doors would have been carefully shut. The wood had now been kindled in the stove, and the blazing logs cast a cheerful, dancing light over the beautiful room and all its gay decorations. The children stood hand in hand in the corridor, and attempted to sing their Yule song; but their hearts were heavy; they had eaten little, and walked much, so that when they tried to sing the notes would not come from their pale lips. Poor children! it was hard to make melody in their heaviness: they had sung the songs of Zion in their little wooden hut by the forest side, but now it was to them as if they were ordered to sing the Lord's song in a strange land.

“ Here,” said Carl to his sister, “ there must certainly dwell a very rich and noble lord.”

“ Surely,” she whispered, “ he will not deny us some Christmas gift; perhaps some grött, or a penny, even, to



buy a Yule light.” But looking on into the grand saloon, a gleam of delight shone over her little face. “ Oh, Carl! Carl!” she cried, “ what a grand and beautiful room is there! what a wonderfully large Yule table is set out! what a fine dressed

Yule tree! Father and mother used to give us three or four very little bits of lights—but see, what a great number of lights shine out there! Look, brother, only look!” So saying, she drew the boy nearer to the open door. Carl drew off his cap, and holding it in one hand, clasped his sister’s in the other; thus did they both timidly, yet curiously, advance even over the threshold of the handsome and tempting room. Certainly these poor children were quite ignorant of the grand world, or they would never have thought of thus entering the dwellings of the rich as they were accustomed to enter the houses of the more lowly.

“Carl,” said Lilia, in a voice of almost awe, “I truly believe that the blessed child Jesus must love much the children who dwell in this fine house, since he gives them all these grand things.”

“The blessed child Jesus had none of these grand things when he himself was born in Bethlehem,” said Carl, in a louder and more decided tone; “he may truly love us too, although he gives us none of them. Do you not recollect, little sister, how father and mother used to teach us that word of God which says, ‘I love them that love me?’ Therefore if we love Jesus, we must only want to have what Jesus himself had when he came down to us.”

Just at this moment a door opened at the opposite side of the saloon, and a loud voice called out, “Stop the young thieves!”

The children uttered a cry of terror, and would have fled; but a servant, coming from the door behind them, held them fast.

"What have you been doing here? What have you stolen from this room?" cried several voices.

Lilia began to cry, but Carl tremblingly answered, "Pardon, dear sir; we came here because we were hungry, and hoped to get some little Christmas gift."

"Or even a penny to buy a Yule light," sobbed little Lilia, "for we always have had one on Yule eve."

"The door here stood open," Carl resumed, "and tempted us to look in at the fine things; but not to take any of them. No, worthy sir, we must not so ill repay the blessed child Jesus, who gave us so much gladness in former years while our parents still lived."

"Ah! you are a young *läsare*, are you?"* said one of the men, tauntingly. "Come, get you out; you are not ashamed to preach any more than to beg."

The children were too eager to obey the command to attend to the taunt; they fled through the doors they had hopefully entered. Just as they ran out, two other children ran into the grand room they had escaped from. They saw the little

* The word *läsare* in Swedish means "reader;" it is now generally given to all persons who attend to religion, but more especially to those who refer to the Bible, or are known to read it much.

wanderers, and asked who they were.—Young beggars, was the answer, who had been looking for some Yule gifts. For a moment the rich children thought it a pity these poor ones should have got nothing; but they began to look at the beautiful objects around them, and speedily ceased to think of the houseless, hungry wanderers.

Their uncle came in, and as he wanted to slip some nice presents on their table, he told them to run away out of the room, for no one was permitted to enter it until the whole company were assembling.

“Oh!” cried the children, “others have come in here as well as we; two little beggars were here when we came in.”

“That is not right,” said the uncle; “they might have been tempted to take something.”

The servant, to whom he looked in speaking, said the children had taken nothing, and repeated, laughing, what the boy had said about not so ill repaying the blessed Jesus, who had given them so much happiness in former years.

“Poor boy!” said the gentleman, when he heard this, “that was a good sentiment: it is not well to call every one *läsare* who thinks of the Saviour and thanks God for his great love; it looks as if we did not read the holy word ourselves when we call those who do read it by any particular name.” Then turning to the children he said, “Augusta,

did you and Olaf let these poor creatures go away without getting even a bit to eat?"

"I am sorry I did not ask for something for them," the girl replied, "but I wanted to see all the beautiful things, and I could not go away to ask mamma."

"And I did not think about them," cried her brother; "one has so many other things to think of on Yule eve."

The uncle shook his head disapprovingly, and then went out and looked down the stone steps; but the children were not to be seen.

Poor things! he did not think how hard they were running; what terror filled their hearts, and winged their feet. They did not speak till they got far out of the town—the beautiful town they had so much wished to see, and were now so glad to escape from. Lilia was the first to speak, and to slacken her pace as she spoke. Stockholm is not like mighty London; one is very soon beyond its streets, and then forests and water are all around. So when they were clearly out of the town, the children stopped running, and Lilia said:—

"Little* brother, let us not go again into the great towns, nor enter the fine rooms; no, nor think about the beautiful Yule gifts, or the good Yule supper. Ah! is it not true

* Little is a term of endearment in Swedish.

that the dear child Jesus cannot love people whose hearts are hard?"

"These people did not know us, little sister," said Carl, in a voice which yet faltered with emotion; "no, if they had known us, they could never have called us thieves. Perhaps their hearts are not at all hard,—God knows that; but surely we will not go again into the great towns, where, doubtless, many bad people live, who make the hearts of the rich to be hard against the honest poor. I see now that poor people ought not to leave their own parish, where they are known."

"Let us go back there, brother; farmer Bonder will surely give us a little supper—ah, I should be glad of that!"

"You are hungry, little Lilia," said the boy; "look here," and he drew to the edge of his pocket a handful of bits of broken food; "see now, we shall make a good feast when we get once more into our own forest."

The hope of food and rest stimulated again the hungry and tired child; putting forth all her little remaining strength, she bravely toiled on beside her brother until they entered the deep fir forest.

And glorious there was the scene! The moon and the stars had come forth, and exceedingly beautiful were they. The winter sky of Sweden, in clear weather, is truly magnificent; and more so when the snow is frozen on the ground.

The moonlight is a pure, clear white; it does not cast the golden radiancy which it sheds upon us in England. The moon itself looks so much larger than *our* moon—we scarcely believe it is the same; the large pure orb seems to hang in ether, detached, still, and grand; with the sky high above it, and the white glittering earth so wide spread out beneath it. The heavens themselves, with all their brilliantly sparkling bodies, have a gigantic aspect, and in the great distance one can see around, all looks so vast, so distinct, and, to an eye accustomed to the scenery of our little and milder isle, so strange, so Scandinavian-like, that the mind naturally returns to old, long preconceived ideas of the wild and terrible north which now exists in legend only.

“See now,” said Carl to his little sister, as one and another of those large, bright stars came glittering out—“see now, my little Lilia, there are our Yule lights sparkling up; the lights which Jesus gives us from himself.”

Beautiful was it now in the silent wood! The earth was covered deep with hard frozen snow, which shone like crystal under those heavenly lights; the trees, I have said already, were clad in a rime-frost dress; the bare branches of the mighty oaks were spangled with icicles, and the green twigs of the lofty pines were fringed with silver edging. From each dark leaflet, from each brown naked bough, hung ice-ornaments which sparkled and shone like costly diamonds in

the clear moonbeams. The scene was one of unspeakable splendour, of solemn, solitary grandeur.

Lilia sighed, and pressed her brother's hand. "I wish we were at home!" she whispered. "Ah! I forgot—we have no home now—yes—just now; if we had our home, we should be lighting up our Yule tree—dear mother would certainly do that."

"Mother is happy now with the blessed Jesus, and Jesus may soon take us too, my little sister," answered Carl.

"That may well be," said Lilia, heavily.

"Look up, Lilia, look up," he cried, trying to cheer her, "and tell me where could you ever see such Yule trees as these we have here? How large and grandly dressed they are!"

They reached, as he spoke, the foot of a low hill which rose in the forest; it was just there that the ice-pearls hung most beautifully from the trees—more beautiful were they than the jewels that deck the crowns of kings; and over them gleamed the millions of stars which lighted up the heavens with the most wonderful of all Christmas lights—the same stars skining over the forest of Sweden now, as they shone over the plains of Bethlehem once, when shepherds kept watch over their flocks by night, and angels sang glory to God in the highest, because to men was born a Saviour, who was Christ the Lord.

The weary little wanderers sat down there on a felled tree;

the boy drew out the contents of his pocket, and said, "Eat, little sister; see, here is our Yule table, here is our Yule supper, and up there are our Yule candles."

Lilia ate; and as the child revived with the food, she said, "I think, little brother, that the blessed child Jesus must love us still, for does he not give us now a good Yule eve here in the forest? And I think he may take us soon to be with father and mother again, and then we shall never want a Yule feast nor a Yule light any more. But now, Carl, tell me one of the good tales we used to hear long ago, for I am tired, little brother, and must rest longer."

The boy now began to tell her the wonderful tale of the Saviour's birth at Bethlehem, but Lilia soon ceased to listen. "I am so sleepy, Carl," she said, "let me lean my head upon you, and sleep a little moment; then I can walk on faster when I waken up."

Carl knew not the danger of granting her desire: he put his arm round her neck, drew her little head tenderly upon his breast, and said, "Sleep well, my little sister, we can hasten on more quickly when your sleep is over. Sleep, my Lilia, you are well now," and he wrapped his poor sheep-skin jacket round her head. "No better bed had the dear child Jesus, when he lay in the manger of Bethlehem. Sleep for a little moment, it is Yule eve still, even here in the forest."

The little moment passed; and Lilia did not waken up:

Carl too slept. The forest Yule guests slept together—soundly, deeply—to wake no more.

The Yule lights went out all over Sweden—went out in the houses of rich and poor, in the great palace of the king, in the wooden hut of the peasant—went out in the wide, clear vault of the heavens. Before the Christmas morn had dawned upon the earth, the snow again fell thick and heavy upon it. The frost-bound children slept, and their life passed gently away. The people sought them in the morning, but found them not. Their life was taken from the earth, and the snow covered their little bodies—covered all where they had been; the Yule table, the Yule feast, the Yule guests of the forest—all were hidden beneath a snowy coverlet.

The spring came forth; the frozen snow melted away, and lo! all was green beneath it; and when the bläsippa—that tiny flower which hides its blue buds beneath the snow, and keeps them for months ready prepared to expand to the first sunbeams—when the bläsippa was seen to come forth, ready dressed for the spring, then were also Carl and Lilia seen, just as they had fallen asleep, locked in each other's arms, beside the felled tree whereon the forest Yule guests had made their last Yule supper. The little head of the frozen sister still lay sheltered in the bosom of the frozen brother. "The dear child Jesus" had taken them to feast with himself in heaven.

The rich children of the great house, who had spent a very different Christmas eve, heard the foregoing sorrowful, yet pleasing tale: their uncle told it to them; they wept at it. They all remembered the uninvited guests who had visited them on Christmas eve, and readily believed that the children who had been driven out as thieves, were the frozen-to-death Yule guests of the forest. Their uncle commended their tears, but said to them these words:—

“Your own enjoyments, and your own abundance of good things, made you careless of the wants and sufferings of those to whom God had not given much. Remember, on another Christmas eve, the words of that poor boy:—‘We must not so ill repay the blessed child Jesus, who gave us so much gladness in former years.’”

S. B.

THE FAIRY.

“MAMMA!” exclaim’d a little girl, one pleasant summer’s day,
“I wish this tiresome work was done, and I could run and play;
The sun is shining clear and strong on many a hill and plain,
And the gay and idle butterflies are frisking down the lane:
The birds are singing merrily on the green and shady trees,
And the corn, so bright and beautiful, is waving in the breeze;
My roses, and my balsams too, how splendid they appear!
I wish I might attend to them, instead of sitting here.

"My work, mamma, is very hard; it makes my finger sore;
I never so much trouble had with anything before;
And then there are so many knots that make the cotton break,
Although, I'm sure, the greatest care I always try to take.
My stitches are so very large, my sewing all awry—
I really almost feel inclined to sit me down and cry;
In vain, to hem it neat and clean, I steadily endeavour;
I wish I never had to work; or else, that I were clever.

"I read—a long, long time ago—of certain fairies strange,
Who soon made troubles disappear, or into pleasures change;
Who with a single touch could cause perplexities to clear—
I really wish, with all my heart, that one of them were near.
Oh for a gentle fairy's wand, my tedious work to do!
How happy I should be, mamma, and how delighted too,
To find my hemming nicely done; my sewing all complete;
And every stitch, by fairy hands, placed carefully and neat."

"Indeed, my dear," mamma replied, "your's seems a pleasant plan
I think I therefore must impart the knowledge that I can;
Because, I fear, you do not know a certain fairy queen,
Who difficulties can remove wherever they are seen;
All obstacles, however great, she pledges to o'ercome,
Although she has been disbelieved, and even scorn'd by some;
Yet if, my dear, impatient girl, you really seek her aid,
You will not feel astonish'd at the statements I have made.

"My fairy is invisible; I therefore cannot tell
Her height of stature, nor her dress, though it might please you well;
Although I am inclined to think she has a serious air,
And that a steady, sober dress she does in general wear:

However this may be, my dear, it certainly is true
That she some very curious things is often known to do ;
And little, timid, idle girls, encouraged by her aid,
Have learn'd to love the ' tiresome work ' which sadly once dismay'd."

"Mamma! you must be joking now; I cannot understand;
I never heard you speak before of any fairy land;
I'm *sure* there are no fairies small, with gold and silver wings,
(Although, 'tis true, I've often wish'd there were such wondrous things.)
I've often read of fairies good, so happy and so gay,
But they were only nursery tales to while the hours away;
I cannot understand, mamma, then, what you really mean,
I wish you'd tell me more about this clever fairy-queen."

"'Tis by her actions, then, my dear, that she is always known;
By the effects she has produced—the wonders she has done :
For many a tiresome piece of work, both difficult and long,
(Like the unfinish'd, tedious task which does to you belong,)
By her has soon completed been, with stitches neat and fair.
To drive away those gloomy looks you need not now despair :
But if her friendship you despise, you will be much to blame,
For PERSEVERANCE you will find to be the fairy's name.

"You look surprised, my little girl; then by your conduct see
We often murmur, wish, and long for things that *cannot* be;
While near us better treasures lie, unheeded and despised,
Which, if their worth were only felt, would be most dearly prized.
You need not roam to fairy lands, fictitious, yet so fair,
Nor build, with discontented mind, your castles in the air;
When Perseverance will bestow the blessing that you need,
And prove, if really once possess'd, a precious boon indeed."



THE BROKEN ROSEBUDS.

“MAMMA, mamma!” cried Florence Lindesay, “you must not come this way; please, mamma, don’t look at our gardens to-day.”

“Why, Florence,” said her mother, “is not that garden of yours in order yet? My little girl must not ask me again to give her what she does not mean to take care of.”

“Oh no, dear mamma,” said Annie, (Florence’s twin sister, and firm little friend,) “it is not that *this* time, but

it is a secret, and it is no harm ; indeed, you will be glad when you know it ; so please to wait till to-morrow, mamma."

"Very well," said their kind mother, "I will believe you, my dear children, and not ask any more questions," and smiling at their eagerness, she turned into another walk of the garden.

Mrs. Lindesay was a widow, and she had had great trials. Out of six children, only these two had been spared to her ; they were the youngest, and were affectionate children, though wayward sometimes, as little people too often are, and causing many an anxious moment to their fond mother.

The scene in the garden did not much disturb Mrs. Lindesay, for the next day was her birthday, and she rightly guessed that some surprise was in store for her, such as children delight in. She continued her walk, while the little girls, their hearts still beating fast at the danger their secret had been in, went on with their work, talking merrily over their fright.

In a flower-pot of moderate size was a beautiful white rose, the purchase of their pocket money, and two lovely rosebuds, half hid in rich green leaves, were well worth the study of a painter. In a basket at the side of the flower-pot was a quantity of moss, which they had gathered themselves from a primrose bank, and they were filling the pretty basket they had provided for the purpose in such a manner, that the rose-tree seemed growing in a bed of moss.

Little girls who have lived in a town all their lives have perhaps no idea of the pleasure such simple things give to country children. Mrs. Lindesay was a true lover of nature, and she found as much pleasure in her children's little presents, as if they had given her something very costly.

"Oh, Annie," said Florence, "how frightened I was when mamma turned into our garden!"

"So was I," said Annie; "but do you think mamma caught a peep at the flower-pot?"

"No, indeed," cried Florence, with great energy, "I am sure she did not catch the least peep, for I spread out my frock—like this, Annie—so that she could not possibly see it, because I made myself so very broad."

Thus the children chattered on, until the tea-bell rang, which put them in no small bustle, for they were not aware it was so late; and as they usually went to bed soon after tea was over, they had very little time to fix where their treasure should be put for the night. They first carried it to the greenhouse, but the gardener had locked the door; so they took it to the arbour, and carefully lifted it on the seat. They ran so fast into the nursery, that nurse was quite cross with them for putting themselves in such a heat; but Annie wisely remarked to her sister, as they went into the drawing-room, "Never mind, Florence, for nurse does not know what a nice thing we are doing."

Mrs. Lindesay smiled on her little girls as they entered, and was kind enough to take no notice of their being behind their time. She was much amused at the great difficulty Florence found in keeping silence on the all-engrossing subject, also at Annie's extreme caution, and at her warning frowns at her little chatterbox of a sister, who had her secret twenty times at the end of her tongue. Tea over, Mrs. Lindesay read to them as usual, with prayer, and then the happy little creatures kissed her and bade her good night.

The next morning Mrs. Lindesay awoke early, as was usual to her, and having dressed, took out her Bible, and seating herself at her dressing-room window, proceeded to study that book which had been her guide through life, and which she prayed might also be the guide of her children. She saw them running under her window in the direction of their garden, and her heart bounded with tenderness towards them. Some time passed, but they did not return, and soon her quick ear caught Florence's cries of grief or passion, or, as it seemed, a mixture of both; and wondering what had vexed her little girls, she hastened into the garden. It was a sad sight which met Mrs. Lindesay's eyes. Florence, crimson with rage, was beating Tray, the house-dog, with all her strength, which, luckily for the dog, was not great; and Annie, the picture of melancholy, seated on the ground, the basket on her lap, the flower-pot in pieces, and the broken rosebuds in her hand.

Florence ceased her attack upon Tray on seeing her mother, but hardly able to utter her words from anger, she exclaimed,

“ Oh, mamma, that naughty dog! please to have him killed, mamma. He did it on purpose, I know he did; there was plenty of room on the seat for the lazy thing. He has broken the rose—your rose—the rose we bought you, *that* was our secret;” and poor Florence, quite overcome by her grief, was almost choked by her sobs. Mrs. Lindesay sincerely pitied her little girls for their disappointment; she led Florence into the breakfast-room, Annie slowly following with Tray, who looked very much puzzled by all that was going on, but hanging his tail, and appearing as if he thought he ought to look very contrite.

“ Now, my children,” said Mrs. Lindesay, “ what is all this about, and why has Florence quarrelled with her old friend Tray?” Their little story, often interrupted by their grief, was this:—on entering the harbour they had found the basket on the floor, the flower-pot rolled out and broken, and Tray stretched on the seat at full length, enjoying a nap in the morning sun.

“ I am as grateful to my little girls,” said Mrs. Lindesay, “ as if no accident had happened; but, Florence, why did you beat the poor dog? did Tray know the mischief he has done?”

Poor Florence hung her head and was silent. “ You may

think," added her mother, "that as the dog is not hurt, no harm is done; but though the blows you gave the poor animal were scarcely felt, that was only because you are not strong enough to do him much harm. You were full of revengeful feelings, Florence, when you asked me to kill the dog."

"Oh, mamma," cried Florence, much shocked at her mother's words, "I did not mean it, I would not kill poor Tray;" and as she spoke she threw her arms round the patient animal's neck, and her tears fell fast on his back.

Tray whined and expressed his forgiveness as plainly as a dog *can* speak, and little Annie now pleaded:—"Please, dear mamma, to forgive Florence, she is very sorry; and see, Tray forgives her in a minute. It was so very hard, mamma, when we had both been so busy, and spent all our money, and it did look so pretty last night, that I think that even *you*, if you had been a little girl, would have been a wee bit angry."

It needed not much pleading with their kind parent, who was ever ready to enter into their childish sorrows. She kissed and comforted them for their disappointment; and then spoke very kindly on the danger of setting their hearts too much on the things of this world, and gave them for their morning study this text: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."—Matthew vi. 19, 20.

At eleven o'clock the pony-carriage was ordered to take Mrs. Lindesay to the nearest town. She was surprised when the children, who had been promised to go with her, came up to her, and Annie explained that as Florence felt she did not deserve to go, she would rather stay at home too with her sister.

"It shall be as you like," replied Mrs. Lindesay, "I am pleased with you both. I see that my lessons are not thrown away upon you, and if my dears learn self-denial by the trials of this day, it will be the happiest of their lives; I shall not be long away, and we will drink tea in the arbour, and after tea I will try to tell you a story which is all true." The children wished her good-bye, as the carriage drove off.

The children went into the garden, and were gazing sadly on the broken flower, when nurse with her bonnet on joined them. Nurse was rather cross sometimes, but she loved her little charges dearly, and now, though she did not pity them in words, she was very kind indeed. She picked up the poor rose-tree, and showed them that though the blossoms and leaves were bruised and spoiled, the root was as good as ever, and if planted would grow again.

"Never mind, young ladies," she said, "we will plant it in this pot, and ask the gardener to take care of it, and when the winter is gone, the leaves will grow again, and the buds will cover it all over."

"Yes," said the delighted Florence, "so they will; and when mamma's birthday comes again, we will give her the rose-tree then, will we not, Annie?"

"You have forgotten one thing, Miss Florence," said nurse; "you should say, If we are alive then."

"Oh, of course," replied Florence, "if we are not alive we cannot give it, and I never can think to say that; I wonder why mamma always does."

"Oh, Florence," cried Annie, "you know that we may die like our poor brothers and sisters, and mamma thinks of them very often; I know that is why she never will let us talk of what we mean to do a long time to come."

"And now," said nurse, "we will go for a walk, and ask Mrs. Bell how she does."

Mrs. Bell was an old servant of Mrs. Lindesay's who had lately married a very respectable farmer, and her house was about a mile from Mrs. Lindesay's. It was a favourite walk of the children, and that was the reason why nurse took them there that day.

There was a little bridge they had to cross, beside which grew an ash-tree, with scarlet berries, and Florence and Annie loved to wreathe them in each other's hats. Then a narrow mossy path led them through the plantation, where they saw the young rabbits run away at their approach, and heard the wood-pigeons in the trees.

Mrs. Bell, on their arrival, was told the sorrowful story of the rose. No one said that Florence had beaten Tray. Seeing Mr. Bell pass the window, she begged him to take Annie and herself to see the little partridges which the white hen was taking care of; and away they went with the good-natured farmer. When they came back they found nurse and Mrs. Bell in the garden, and Mrs. Bell had cut them a large nosegay of her best roses, geraniums, and pinks.

They asked nurse to carry it, for fear they should spoil it, and then they coaxed her to help them to dress up the arbour with the flowers, and as they had so short a time to do it in, she let them call the under nurse, and all four worked merrily together.

By tea-time it can scarcely be thought how pretty they had made it look, and even Tray had a wreath prepared for him, to reward him, as Florence said. But Tray did not appear very much pleased with his finery; he shook his head, and seemed anything but comfortable; so Annie began to think they had better take it off, but Florence begged that it might be left on for a while, "just to make mamma laugh."

Mrs. Lindesay was as much pleased with the preparations they had made, and laughed as much at Tray, as even Florence could wish, and a happy little party they were. I cannot tell you what they had for tea, but I think there was a plum-cake, and if so, no doubt there was sugar on the top;

but one thing I *am* sure of—Mrs. Lindesay had not forgotten her dear children when at the town, but had bought them each a little desk, with pens, paper, and sealing-wax in each, and she gave them with these words:—"My little ones, you are now eight years old, promise me that when you feel a wish to write on these desks, you will not scribble childish nonsense, but write down what you have been doing or thinking of in the day, and at the end of the week bring it to me, and we will talk it over together." Of the rest of that pleasant evening I shall not tell any more, neither shall I relate the story that their mamma related to her children.

Annie and Florence did not neglect to use their little desks in the way that Mrs. Lindesay had advised them, and the habit of putting down any trials of their temper or neglect of their duties was very useful to them. They kept their diaries, however, in a very different manner. Annie's handwriting was large and clear, and every letter had its right shape; but it was not for this reason that Mrs. Lindesay was so pleased with it. It was because the things she wrote in it showed a thoughtful and a pious mind. Florence wrote hers very fast, but often so badly that even she herself could not read it; besides which, her fingers were so covered with ink, which she often threw about, that her mamma was obliged to tell her that if she did not take

more pains, the desk must be taken away till she was less of a baby. But, however careless Florence might be, her sorrow was so great, and her efforts to amend were so sincere, that Mrs. Lindesay did not despair, in time, of seeing her little girl, perhaps not so grave and sensible as Annie, but, in her own way, an active and amiable girl. The contrast between the children was, indeed, great; not that Annie was by any means faultless; on the contrary, her temper was by nature sullen, and she was not so ready to forgive any one who had displeased her as Florence was. Sometimes poor Florence would run sobbing to her mamma, because Annie would not kiss and "make up," as children call it. But these faults in Annie grew less and less frequent, and her mother often said to her friends, that with such a child as Annie she could almost forget her early losses.

I do not mean that Mrs. Lindesay really loved Annie more than Florence; very dear to her were both her children: but while Florence was a constant source of uneasiness to her, she could trust in Annie as in a grown-up person.

Nurse, however, loved Florence to that degree which old servants sometimes do, and many a giddy trick of her darling's was forgiven and smiled at, even when her own spectacles were lost for half a day, and were at last brought out from the darkest corner of the doll's house.

The winter passed away, and spring came, and again the

children went to pick primroses from the mossy bank in the plantation. Annie, however, complained of being tired before the basket was full, and begged Florence to return to the house. "How unkind of you, Annie!" said Florence; "you know mamma said we were to stay till the bell rang, and I cannot think why you should want to go before."

"Then I will sit down on the grass," said Annie, "and wait till you are ready;" and the gentle child stayed there patiently till Florence had filled the basket. After that evening Florence had to play alone; for Annie was taken very ill in the night, and the doctor looked very thoughtful.

Mrs. Lindesay saw with deep grief that the same complaint which had deprived her of her elder children was slowly but surely destroying her sweet Annie, and though she knew who it was that afflicted her, she felt that her trial was almost too heavy for her. It was sad to see Florence creeping on tiptoe to Annie's bed-side, sinking her voice to the softest whisper, or holding her sister's hand for hours without speaking; for death was written in every line of the pale child's face, and even Florence could read it there.

"Don't send me away, please, dear mamma," was her request; "indeed I will be very quiet, and not disturb dear Annie."

When Mrs. Lindesay insisted that she should go for a walk with nurse, she no longer danced along, running after

the butterflies, or racing with Tray, but held nurse's hand, and talked so gravely, that nurse told the other servants, her old eyes often filled with tears at the change in her sweet child.

Mrs. Lindesay was advised by her friends to send Florence away to her uncle and aunt; but she would not part the sisters before the time. She felt that both her children were chastened by their God, and she had faith to leave them in his hands.

It was a sweet summer evening, and Annie seemed rather better. She had asked to be placed on a sofa by the window; it looked out on the harbour, and the garden which they called their own, and she could see her annuals in fullest bloom. "Dear mamma," she said, "what day of the month is it?" Mrs. Lindesay's voice trembled as she named her own birthday.

"I thought so," said Annie; "I have been thinking of it all day. It seems such a short time since your last birthday; does it not, Florence, dear?"

"Oh, yes," said Florence, "how happy we were then, dressing up the bower! But how very naughty I was before breakfast; do you remember, Annie?"

"Don't cry, mamma," said Annie, (who saw that poor Mrs. Lindesay's eyes were filled with tears, as she gazed on the pale and wasted form beside her, and thought of the healthy,

blooming child of that time last year,) "for though I cannot run about as I did then, I am very happy; and I have such nice thoughts about different things! I never had such thoughts when I was well. Shall I tell you, mamma, what I have been thinking to-day about that rose-tree?"

"Do, dear Annie," cried Florence, "I like to hear what you think about everything."

"Speak, my darling," said her mother, "if it will not tire you."

"I fancy, mamma, that you love Florence and me, as we loved those rosebuds; and God is trying you as we were tried by losing them: but we lost *both* our rosebuds, mamma, and you will have Florence left you."

Annie's voice became faint, she had not spoken so much for many days, but she had had strength given her to teach even her pious mother a lesson of gratitude to God, for the blessing he had still left her in her Florence.

Again the silence was broken by Annie asking Florence to repeat the verses they had then learned; but Florence had left the room, and they were repeated by her mother. She had hardly finished them, when Florence returned. In her hands she bore the white rose-tree, covered with blossoms, and filling the room with a sweet scent.

"See here, mamma," she said, with something of her old energy, "look here, Annie, it was not dead, you see, the

flowers have come again ; and Annie will not *die*, her soul will not die. Annie is like the rose in something else ; she will live again, and we shall see her in heaven. You will have five rosebuds in heaven, mamma, and only Florence here, but then you know that they are safe, and you will go to them soon, and so shall I, if I love Jesus as Annie does."

Mrs. Lindesay could not speak, she could only look at her dear ones, and feel that Florence was indeed changed. The careless child, who had given her so much anxiety, was now teaching her mother by her sweet and simple faith.

Many years have passed since then, and Florence is now almost grown up. She has been spared to her mother, and is a pattern of what a daughter ought to be, not thinking of herself, not wasting her time in vain regret for the loss she has herself suffered, though she feels more and more, as she grows up, what a friend and companion she has lost in Annie. But Annie is happy, and they are not parted for ever. So faith whispers, and so Florence believes.

Annie is buried in a neat country churchyard, by the graves of her brothers and sisters. The white rose is planted at the head of her little grave, and it is a spot Mrs. Lindesay loves to visit : not to sorrow as those who have no hope, but to recall the sweet lessons she learned by the death-bed of her beloved Annie.

H. A. B.



THE COVETED HATCHET.

It was midsummer eve, and Grandfather Green had gathered around him at the door of his cottage a smiling group of grandchildren, to whom he related the following story of his boyhood.

He had just laid aside a small hatchet, fit only for a boy to use; it looked old and rusty, and the children were eagerly making inquiries about it, when he gently hushed them with his trembling voice, promising to tell them its whole history:—

“ When I was a child,” said the good old man, “ I lived in a large, old-fashioned farmhouse, on the banks of a beautiful river. The country around my home was very lovely. On one side of us was a deep forest, which had no paths ; only the hunter or the woodcutter went into it in search of game or fuel. On the other side of the house, and also behind it, were the well-cultivated fields of my father ; and before us was the noble river, with its blue waters, ever running on towards the sea.

“ There was a large family of us children ; Mary and Arthur, Frank and Anne, besides myself and the baby. Not far from our home our cousins Henry and John, and little Fanny resided ; and many were the happy hours we all spent together in the woods, or by the river side, on holidays, or Saturday afternoons.

“ My father was a very strict man, that is, with his children ; but he was one of the kindest of parents. He brought us up according to the old-fashioned manner of training children ; and I often think it would be better for the young people, if it were practised a little more now-a-days. He was very particular with us on sabbath days. When Saturday night came round, we were required at sunset to put by all our playthings, and were not allowed to look at them again until Monday morning. Then after supper, our father used to gather the elder ones round him, and hear us repeat verses

from the Bible, or instruct us in some part of the word of God. One night, when we were thus assembled, he opened the Bible at the chapter which contains the ten commandments, and selected the tenth as a subject of conversation. The principal words are, 'Thou shalt not covet.'

"When he had read the commandment slowly over once or twice, he raised his eyes and looked upon the little group before him with a searching glance, as if he thought the command might at that present time have a particular reference to some of us. And so it had; though unsuspected by him. The blood mounted to my cheeks, and my ears tingled beneath his glance, for in my heart I had long and deeply coveted an article belonging to my cousin Henry. I bent down over my book to conceal my conscious face, and my father proceeded to explain the commandment. 'To covet,' said he, 'is to look upon, or earnestly desire, an article belonging to another, with a view of making it our own. It is not wrong for us to wish we might possess something *like* that owned by another, but to desire *what he himself has*, is sinful in the sight of God.'

"In this way he conversed with us for half-an-hour; after which, he offered prayer with us, and then giving us his blessing, we retired to bed.

"My brothers soon fell into a sweet sleep, but it was not so with me; I could not sleep. The words of my father, as he

read them to us, still rang in my ears, 'Thou shalt not covet.' For many days I had been guilty of transgressing this commandment. My cousin Henry had a little hatchet given to him, all new and shining, a great prize to a boy. Henry had shown it to me, in his boyish delight, and together we had tried its powers at hacking and splitting. As I handled it, and looked it over and over, a feeling of envy seized me, and a strong desire that it could be mine. So ardent was my wish, that I offered him half my playthings in exchange for it; my hoop, my ball, my kite, and what I valued most, my bow and arrows. But in vain; Henry would not part with it. The more I saw of the hatchet, and the value Henry set upon it, the greater and stronger became my desire to be the possessor of it.

"When such a feeling enters a person's breast, and he gives it room, and suffers his thoughts to dwell upon an unlawful object, the more his heart becomes hardened to the sin of covetousness, and the greater danger there is that he will be induced to obtain what he desires, in a wrong and unjust manner. This was exactly the state in which my mind then was; and as I have before said, it rendered me so uneasy, it was with difficulty I could compose myself to sleep that night. The next day dawned bright and beautiful; and as usual, we all attended the house of God, which was some miles distant. I must confess, however, that frequently during

the day, my thoughts were wandering upon the coveted hatchet.

“ During the ensuing week I saw Henry often, and made several attempts to induce him to part with his hatchet, but in vain; nevertheless his repeated refusals only added strength to my desire. On Saturday afternoon, which was our weekly half holiday, we all went into the woods to play. We resolved to construct a little hut. There were four boys, Frank, Arthur, Henry, and myself. I was the eldest. For half-an-hour we pursued our way through the windings of the forest, making it ring with our shouts and our boyish laughter; and starting the timid birds, or the nimble squirrels from their retreats among the leaves. Henry kept striking here and there some little sapling with his hatchet, and bringing it to the ground. I beheld him with longing eyes, and said within myself, ‘ What would I not give that it were mine!’ and I began trying to invent some method by which it might come into my possession.

“ When we had gone sufficiently far into the woods, we commenced operations for building our intended hut. Arthur cleared a spot of ground with a small hoe, scraping away the leaves and dry branches; Frank brought flat stones for the floor, and the fire-place we proposed to make; while I looked on, directing and planning the walls and other parts of the structure.

“ When we had got it all done but the roof, we brought oak branches and wove them in with the saplings, whose tops we had tied together; and then we collected large quantities of moss, which we spread over the whole; we also made a green carpet of the same for our floor. When we had got it all completed, we surveyed it with great delight. It was just large enough to hold us four boys, and we sang, we hurrahed, and jumped around it in the excess of our joy. Then we seated ourselves within it, to eat some refreshment we had brought with us.

“ There was a beautiful little spring bubbling up among the moss and leaves not far off, and I took a mug to go for some of the fresh cold water: I went alone.

“ On my way, and at a little distance from the hut, I spied something shining in the grass. A sunbeam falling directly upon it, made it glitter. I ran and took it up. It was Henry’s little hatchet. He had thrown it there but a short time before. I turned it over and over, with a longing look, and something whispered to me, ‘ Now is the time to make it yours. Just hide it under the leaves for the present, and you can easily come and get it afterwards.’ Shame upon me, but I yielded to the temptation. I hastily thrust it under a bed of leaves, and marking the spot by an old stump near it, so that I should know it again, I hurried on to the spring, filled my mug with water, and returned as if nothing had happened. But I was

ill at ease, and all my merriment had suddenly subsided ; still I tried to laugh and feel gay as before, lest they should suspect me of some secret uneasiness.

“ It grew near sunset. ‘ Come,’ said I, ‘ it is growing late ; let us return home, or the sun will quite set before we get there.’ The boys jumped up, and prepared to depart. Arthur ran for his hoe, Frank for his knife, and Henry for his hatchet. But in vain did he run hither and thither ; it was nowhere to be found. We all joined in the search, which, I need not say, was in vain. Henry, at last discouraged, sat down upon an old stump and burst into tears, declaring he could not go home without it.

“ After some time, however, we succeeded in pacifying him, by promising to return some other day and look for it ; and we turned our faces towards home again ; none of us, by the way, in such spirits as when we came thither.

“ Henry was grieving for his lost treasure. Frank and Arthur were silent from sympathy, and I from guilt. I could not look Henry in the face, for a lie was on my tongue, and guilt lay on my heart. When we reached home, the sun was nearly down. ‘ You are late, Charles,’ said my father, as we entered ; and observing my downcast face, he glanced at me inquiringly. ‘ Henry lost his hatchet,’ said Arthur, ‘ and we stayed to find it.’

“ We ate our suppers hastily, and then gathered around

our father to receive the usual Saturday evening's hour of religious instruction ; but how shall I describe the feelings that thrilled through my young heart, when he took as the subject of his remarks the command, ' Thou shalt not steal.' If I looked conscious before, I must have looked guilty now ; for I turned red and pale by turns. Never in my life had I been guilty of the most petty theft before ; so that my agitation and shame were as new as they were startling. The tones of my father's voice fell like reproaches upon my ear ; and it seemed as though the word thief must be written on my countenance, and my guilt be apparent to all. For some time he dwelt upon the sin of transgressing this command. He told us that it was just as wicked in the sight of God to take a little thing as a great one ; the act was precisely the same in principle, only differing in consequences. A boy who takes unlawfully a plaything belonging to another, is as much guilty of the *act* of stealing, as one who pilfers money from his father. The only difference is, that *what* he takes is not of so much value, but the motives are the same in both instances.

" In this way he talked to us for some time, and then dismissed us to rest. I had always dearly loved the Saturday evening's instruction from my father, until now. On this evening, I sat in a state of perpetual disquietude, and I felt truly glad when he closed his remarks. Although I tried to

shake off my uneasiness, I felt that I could not shut my heart against the solemn truths of God's word. I passed several days in this state. Many times I was on the point of confessing my wickedness to Henry, and restoring to him the hatchet; but shame, and my sinful, covetous heart, kept me back.

"Henry went several times into the woods for his lost treasure, but without success; and every time I saw him, I felt most unhappy.

"Gradually, however, I became more indifferent to the matter; and my remorse wore slowly away. At last, I even felt inwardly gratified at my cleverness, in obtaining what I had so long and so earnestly desired. But it was many days before I ventured into the woods after the secreted hatchet.

"Late one evening, about sunset, I went alone. When I arrived at the spot, I removed the leaves gently, and found it lying just where I had placed it. Suddenly I heard a noise, like the crackling of the leaves under some coming footstep. Oh, how I trembled! In my fright the hatchet slipped out of my hands, and fell to the ground; but the noise I heard proved to be nothing but an old rabbit, running along on the ground a short distance beyond. I laughed at my fears; but guilt makes a person very timid, and even the rustling of a leaf, or the sudden chirp of a cricket, would send a thrill through me for a moment.

“ On my way back I formed a plan by which I might hide the hatchet nearer home ; so that I could easily use it at my leisure. There was a meadow near the house, and a small brook running through it. I resolved to hide the hatchet among the rushes along the margin. Accordingly, I conveyed it thither. As I went I planned out many things which I would make with it ; a small boat, a little wagon, and other things, anticipating much pleasure.

“ It was quite dark when I reached home ; and although I felt somewhat guilty, no suspicion was excited on account of my late absence.

“ Many and many a trip did I take to the woods after this with the hatchet, alone ; but somehow I never could enjoy it as I expected. Besides the remorse I felt at having unlawfully obtained it, there was no satisfaction in solitary amusement. Boys as well as men are social beings, and it is a fact, that every pleasure is doubly pleasant from being shared by a companion. Before long I grew tired of my hatchet, and sought to amuse myself with it less often. At last I ceased to go near it for some time, and when I did see it again, it was all rusty, and valueless. Doubly vexed at this, I threw it down among the rushes, resolving never to see it more. But I could not drive it from my mind ; I never saw Henry without remembering it afresh. Some time after this, Henry was taken ill, and not expected to recover. Shortly

before he died, I went to visit him. When I was shown into his chamber, I found him in a sitting posture, and supported by pillows. He was very pale and thin, and greatly changed from my once blooming little playmate. Oh, how my heart smote me, as I looked upon him, for the wrong I had done him in robbing him of his little treasure! He reached out his hand to welcome me; and for a moment his sunken eyes were lighted with joy.

“ ‘ Charles ! ’ said he, addressing me, ‘ I am going to die, but I am not afraid. I hope I have given my heart to Jesus, and that he has made me one of his children. Still I feel pained to leave you and my brothers and sisters; but it is God’s will, and I am going to be with him in heaven. I wanted to see you, so as to give you a little keepsake, to remember me by. My little hatchet should have been yours, but that is lost; and I will give you instead my new kite.’

“ This was too much for me; I buried my face in the bed-clothes, and bursting into tears, sobbed out, ‘ Forgive me! oh, forgive me! your hatchet was not lost, it was I who stole it from you, when we were out in the woods.’ I could not say another word; I felt as though a load was removed from my mind, but I would have given worlds never to have been guilty of the deed. The dying boy looked at me a moment in astonishment; never shall I forget that look. Then he said feebly, but gently, ‘ Do not cry, Charles, it is no matter; you

may keep it now to remember me by. I shall never want it again.' He then desired the kite should be brought, and gave it into my hands. With many tears I then took leave of my little playmate, and returned home. Soon after he died.

"I could not bear to go near the hatchet until long after he was buried. Then with a heavy heart, and eyes filled with tears, I drew it all rusty and dull out of the bushes, and conveyed it home. I locked it up in my little trunk as a sacred thing; but I never could forgive myself for what I had done, or look at it without sorrow; for while I loved it for Henry's sake, it was a perpetual memento of my shame and guilt. I have never parted with it; and I keep it now that I am an old man, because it does me good to look back sometimes upon the pleasures and the follies of my boyhood."

There were tears in Grandfather Green's eyes as he ceased speaking, and the children around the door were silent in thought. Their young hearts had learned an important lesson from the story of the Coveted Hatchet.

V. F.





J.M. KOEHLER 1874

ISLE of INNISFALLEN, LAKE of KILLARNEY

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

AMONG the many beautiful scenes in Ireland, the Lakes of Killarney have obtained the highest praise. In other countries there may be lakes as lovely, islands as verdant, and mountains more lofty; but where can be found, grouped together within the limits of a day's walk, almost every possible variety of the wild, the grand, the beautiful, the pleasing, as at this far-famed spot?

Ever charming, ever new,
When will its beauties tire the view
The spreading water's gentle flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The craggy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rising on the sky;
The verdant isles, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower.
Below, the trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The deep-green pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew:
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought:
Thus she's dress'd in green and gay
To disperse our cares away.

The Lakes of Killarney are three in number, and are contained in one mountain hollow. The fine lower lake is several miles in length, inclosed on all sides by mountains. It is studded with islands, varying from the bare rock to those which are several acres in extent: Ross island being the largest, and Innisfallen the most famous. The foliage of the latter isle is very rich. In some places lofty trees rise in much grandeur, with their roots extending far into the waters; while on other parts of the shore the foliage of the ash, hawthorn, holly, and arbutus, dip into the blue lake beneath. The ground, naturally spread out like the lawns of a park, is covered with grass of the brightest green, which has given to this spot a real claim to be called "the emerald isle,"—

An emerald on a crystal lake,
With a sapphire sky above it.

The ruins of the old abbey of Innisfallen, once famous in history, serve to adorn the picture. Then there are the Upper Lake, the Torc Lake, the Long Range, and other smaller waters, with their islands, cascades, ancient castles, woods, heights, and valleys; all of which have called forth the admiration of visitors.

Near the beautiful channel known as the Long Range is the far-famed "eagles' nest," a mountain top, more than eleven hundred feet high, whose rocky steeps place it almost

beyond the reach of man. Here, for ages, these noble birds have built their nest, safe from all invaders. They may be often seen wheeling round and round in search of prey. At this spot, also, is a famous echo, which has been well described by Mrs. Hall :—

“ We put into a little creek on the opposite side of the river ; but remained in our boat, having been recommended to do so. Our expectations of the coming treat had been highly raised, and we were in breathless anxiety to enjoy it. The bugle-player landed, advanced a few steps, and placed the instrument to his lips : the effect was *magical*—the word conveys but a poor idea of its effect. First he played a single note—it was caught up and repeated, loudly—softly—again loudly—again softly—and then as if by a hundred instruments, each a thousand times more muscial than that which gave its rivals birth, twirling and twisting round the mountain, running up from its foot to its summit, then rolling above it, and at length dying away in the distance until it was heard as a mere whisper, barely audible, far away. Then he blew a few notes—*ti-ra-la ti-ra-la* : a multitude of voices, seemingly from a multitude of hills, at once sent forth a reply ; sometimes pausing for a second, as if waiting for some tardy comrade to join in the marvellous chorus ; then mingling together in a strain of sublime grandeur, and delicate sweetness, utterly indescribable. Again he sent forth his summons to the moun-

tains, and blew, for perhaps a minute, a variety of sounds ; the effect was indeed that of ‘enchanting ravishment,’—giving

“ ‘Resounding grace to all heaven’s harmonies.’

“ It is impossible for language to convey even a remote idea of the exceeding delight communicated by this development of a most wonderful property of nature. Sure we are that we shall be guilty of no exaggeration, if we say, that this single incident, among so many of vast attraction, will be sufficient recompense to the tourist who may visit these beautiful lakes. When the bugler had lost his ability to minister to our enjoyment—and the day was declining before we had expressed ourselves content—preparations were made for firing off the cannon. As soon as they were completed the match was applied. In an instant every mountain for miles round us seemed instinct with angry life, and replied in voices of thunder to the insignificant and miserable sound that had roused them from their slumbers. The imagination was excited to absolute terror, and it was easy for a moment to fancy every creek and crevice peopled with ‘airy things.’ The sound was multiplied a thousand-fold, and with infinite variety; at first it was repeated with a terrific growl; then a fearful crash; both were caught up and returned by the surrounding hills, mingling together, now in perfect harmony, now in utter discordance; awhile those that were nearest became

silent, awaiting the on-coming of those that were distant ; then joining together in one mighty sound, louder and louder ; then dropping to a gentle lull, as if the winds only created them ; then breaking forth again into a combined roar, that would seem to have been heard hundreds of miles away."

Surely those who witness a scene such as the Lakes of Killarney present, should have their hearts impressed with the power and goodness of the great Creator of all things.

" Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the handiworks of God,
And bow before him, and adore."

C.

THE PET LAMB.

It was a fine evening in summer, and old Mrs. Ryan walked forth from her cottage on a small farm in a remote part of Ireland. She brought her knitting with her, and seated herself beneath a hedge in the meadow, from whence she had a view of the road by which she expected that her son, who was gone from home on business, would return. She occasionally raised her eyes from her work to look in that direction.

"It is only I, grandmother," cried a young girl, who came bounding across the field, followed by a full-grown lamb with a fleece as white as snow—"it is only I, but keep up your heart. Uncle will come soon, and when he does, I am certain he will bring good news."

The old woman's features were lit up with a smile. She kissed the rosy cheek of the girl, who sat down on the green bank beside her, and replied, "It makes me keep up my heart to look at that bright face, *ma grenane*."

Uncouth as this term of endearment may sound in English ears, it is not unpoetical, its literal meaning being *my little sunbeam*. Nor was the phrase inappropriate to Mrs. Ryan's feelings for her grandchild. Ellen was the daughter of her favourite son, who, as well as his wife, had been carried off by fever soon after her birth, so that the care of their little orphan entirely devolved upon the grandmother, who had lost all her own children except one son, who lived with her, and managed a few acres of land, which had been in the possession of the Ryan family for some generations, and which, through a trying season of famine and its attendant miseries, they had contrived to keep; but it now appeared too probable they would be obliged to give it up, from inability to pay the rent.

"I have had such a pleasant walk, grandmother," said Ellen; "and my poor Frisk followed me everywhere, and got such nice fresh grass down in the glen;" stroking the soft

'head of her lamb, which the animal had laid upon her shoulder. "I am now quite rested after my day's work, and feel so happy, for I am sure that God will take care of us. Shall I read to you from one of the pretty books that the mistress and the young ladies used to give me when they had the Sunday school at the great house?"

"No, my child, but read your Bible for me; here it is, I brought it out on purpose; for when I am in any trouble I would rather hear that than any thing."

"What part shall I read, gran?"

"It is all good, and all beautiful: but looking at this innocent gentle lamb here always reminds me of what saved the children of Israel when the destroying angel was doing his work—the lamb's blood sprinkled on the house-door. You say, my child, that this story is to teach us how we are saved by the blood of the Lord Jesus."

"Yes, grandmother, we are told so in the New Testament; I know some verses about it. St. Paul says, 'Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us;'* and the apostle Peter says, 'Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.†'"

"Ah! these are the words," said Mrs. Ryan, "that have

* 1 Cor. v. 7.

† 1 Peter i. 18, 19.

been night and day on my mind since I heard them, and have given me comfort at last. Not to silver or gold, or any thing that they could buy, am I trusting for the salvation of my soul, Ellen, but to that same precious blood of Christ; and I bless the day that you first went to the Sunday school, and learned to love your Bible, and to read it for me."

"So do I, grandmother, from my heart, and I am glad my pretty lamb reminds you of such things, for it will make you fond of him. There is a great deal about sheep and shepherds in the Bible; and now I will read a beautiful Psalm, in which our Lord is compared to a shepherd."

She read aloud the 23d Psalm; and when she had ended, Mrs. Ryan repeated these words from the last verse,—"'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.' Well, Ellen, my child, let us try to put our trust in God. Even if we must leave our cabin, and our fields, and be cast upon the wide world, let us put our trust in him."

"Oh! but we must not leave our cabin and our pleasant fields, mother," cried Ellen, bursting into tears. "I am sure we must not: God is so good!"

"Ellen," replied the old woman, "I was thinking this morning that it is easy to say God is good when he is doing what pleases us; but have you not from time to time read things out of the Bible for me, teaching us that he is good even when he sends troubles?"

“ Yes, mother ; here is one verse, ‘ Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth ; ’ * and here is another, ‘ We know that all things work together for good to them that love God. ’ ” †

“ Well, my child, let us try and believe this, come what will.”

“ Let us, dear mother ; and God will help us to do so if we ask him, for he has promised his Holy Spirit to all who seek it.”

“ Now, Nelly dear, sing the hymn that the dear young ladies taught you : ” and Ellen sang—

To Christ the bleeding Lamb
My faith directs her eyes :
All other offerings are vain,
But not his sacrifice.

The moment he expired,
The law was satisfied ;
And now to its severest claims
I answer, “ Jesus died.”

The young Irish girl’s voice was sweet ; at least, it sounded so in her grandmother’s ears, and her anxious mind was calmed, though not altogether by the music. The heavenly truth expressed in the words is, in all the anxieties of life, to

* Heb. xii. 6.

† Rom. viii. 28.

the Christian's soul, as an anchor "both sure and stedfast;" and such in the present time of need this poor woman found it.

"Uncle Will is coming at last," said Ellen; "he is walking slowly, and looking down."

"Then he has no good news;" and, as he drew near, Mrs. Ryan said, "Welcome, my son. Did you see the agent?"

"I did, mother; and I may as well tell it at once. He cannot wait one day beyond Saturday for the rent; we must pay it in full then, or quit our house and bit of land."

"Oh, the wicked man!" Ellen exclaimed.

"Nelly, my dear, are not you wrong now?" said her uncle, gently; "is it not said in that blessed book that you read for us, how we ought to love our enemies, supposing we have any? But Mr. N—— is not our enemy, and spoke very kindly; and he cannot help what he is doing. A letter came from the master, saying, that the family are going to foreign parts for the poor mistress's health, and money must be sent them. Now, if Mr. N—— showed favour to us, he must do the same to other tenants; and how then could he get the money?"

"True, uncle; I was very wrong to speak so. But what is to be done?"

"Yes," repeated the mother, "what is to be done?"

William then mentioned that a cousin could lend him a small sum; they had in the house another small sum; he

intended to take their cow the next morning to a fair some miles off; "And then," said he, "when I sell her, we shall have very nearly the sum required." The old woman thanked God, adding, that if the present difficulty were over they would probably be able to retain their little farm, the crops promising a plentiful harvest.

"I thought so; I was sure we need not go," cried Ellen; but her uncle checked her joyous expressions, saying:—

"Remember that when the cow is sold we shall have only *very nearly* the sum required, and nothing less than the whole will be taken."

"And is there no way of making it up, uncle?"

"Only one that I can think of, Ellen—you, and you only, can do it; but it would be a sad thing to you, my poor child."

"Oh! don't mind that, uncle. Any thing in the world which was not wrong, that I could do for grandmother and yourself, sure I'd think little of. What is it?"

"How can I tell you? You know we have nothing left that we could sell—at least in time for Saturday; only when I am taking the cow to the fair to-morrow, to take—O Ellen,—your poor little Frisk."

It was some moments before she could quite comprehend his meaning. "Sell Frisk!" she exclaimed, two or three times—"sell Frisk!" and darted off to the orchard, sobbing as if her heart would burst.

The pet lamb, or rather sheep, for it was now nearly a full-grown animal, had been given to Ellen by the shepherd at the great house, as they called the residence of the gentleman upon whose property the farm was situated. It was then a sickly little creature that had lost its mother; and Ellen had reared it carefully. It became greatly attached to her, following her wherever she went; and being her only companion, she quite returned its affection. The idea of parting from Frisk—selling him at a fair, perhaps to be killed, was dreadful. The struggle which took place in the poor girl's mind when she reached the solitude of the orchard, was such as she had never known before; but gratitude to her friends predominated, and she was, at last, able to resolve on giving up her favourite for their sakes. Happily for Ellen, her heart had early been imbued with piety by means of scriptural teaching at a sabbath school, and she was accustomed to seek for direction and help from above on all occasions both small and great. Meanwhile Mrs. Ryan and her son had been discussing the matter, trying to devise some expedient which would spare their dear child the necessity of parting with her lamb; but in vain—they could think of nothing.

“Oh! if the family at the great house were at home!” cried Mrs. Ryan.

“But they are *not* at home, grandmother,” said Ellen, joining them, “and it *must* be; so, uncle Will, take him—take Frisk

with you to the fair in the morning: and now please let us not say one word more about him. Come in to supper."

The poor Irish girl had not thought the occasion too trifling to seek for composure of spirit in prayer; and doubtless, Christians too often lose that equanimity of temper which becomes their "high calling," by forgetting the encouragement which they have to go to God for help even upon trifling occasions. (See Phil. iv. 6.) Ellen maintained her tranquillity until she had wished her friends good-night; but her pillow was wet with tears before she dropped into an uneasy sleep, interrupted by dreams, of which her lamb was the subject.

Uncle William arose early the next morning, hoping to drive off the cow and poor Frisk before Ellen awakened; but he found her prepared to accompany him part of the way. "Only a little bit of the road," she said, "just to help him so far." She walked in silence, till, at length, her uncle said,

"Go back now, my good Ellen. We are at the gate leading to the great house—more than a mile from home, and mother will want you." Then the poor girl's suppressed feelings burst forth; she flung her arms about her favourite's neck, kissed him over and over, and wept loud and long.

Ellen, however, was not selfish in grief. When, on her return home, she found her grandmother very dejected, she

exerted herself to the utmost to keep up her own spirits. In this she succeeded tolerably well except when obliged to pass through the field where Frisk used to graze, while she drew water from a stream at the end of it; and then she thought



that she would have given the world, if she had it, to hear once more his plaintive bleat, and see him running to meet her.

At last the business of the morning was over, and Mrs. Ryan seated with her knitting, while Ellen read for her a

chapter in the Bible. Before it was ended they were interrupted by the entrance of two youths, who came into the cottage. They had the appearance of young gentlemen, and apologized for their intrusion, saying, that the day was so warm, they came to beg for a drink of milk. This was a trying request to poor Mrs. Ryan, who answered,

"Oh! then you should get it, and a thousand welcomes, but—we have no cow now," and her voice faltered.

"Have you sheep?"

"Oh! no, no, sir," cried poor Ellen, and burst into tears.

"Mrs. Ryan, Ellen, don't you remember us?" said one of the visitors.

"Mother! mother! if it is not Mr. James and Mr. Henry, the master's sons!" And so it was, though they had grown so much as not to be easily recognised. They had come home unexpectedly the night before with their tutor, and were to remain till the family should return from the continent and join them, as they all intended to reside in Ireland for the future. This was good news to the cottagers; and when they expressed their pleasure, one of the boys said, "My father and mother remember you with regard, Mrs. Ryan; you may reckon on their kindness; and my sisters have not forgotten Ellen, their scholar. They sent you a present, which you shall have if you come to the house with us. But what has become of your cow?"

This inquiry led to an account of the present distress, about which the young visitors promised to interfere with the agent, and then left the cottage, followed by Ellen, who went to receive her present, though with a heavy heart. They drew from her, on the way, a history of Frisk, and seemed quite moved by her artless grief, promising her another lamb in his place, which she should choose from their father's flock.

On receiving the parcel, Ellen found that it contained a plain shawl and materials for a cotton dress; but both superior to any she had ever possessed. "Now come to the park till you get the promised lamb," said Mr. James. She was very grateful for their kindness, but still looked with a sad countenance on the large flock before her. "Ah! sir, if I could see one like my poor Frisk!"—The word was hardly said, when, from a thicket close by, Frisk himself came trotting to her. There could be no doubt of his identity,—she heard the plaintive bleat,—she laid her hand on his soft head, dropping the shawl and gown, and once more embracing him, almost bewildered with joy.

"Go home now," said Mr. Henry; "and here are your uncle and his cow ready to go with you. I will let my sisters know of your conduct in this matter, and on other occasions, as I have learned from your uncle; and you may count on their friendship while you are influenced by that Bible which they had the privilege of making you acquainted with."

Ellen learned, on her way home, that the parting scene in the morning between herself and Frisk had been witnessed by the two young gentlemen, who had walked out early for the purpose of revisiting some of their former haunts. They were inside the gate, and came out when she turned back. From William Ryan they had heard all particulars; and making him go home with them, had interfered with the agent and settled the matter until their father's return; when, there was no doubt, it would be satisfactorily arranged.

We have only to add that widow Ryan and her family were as ready to thank God in their prosperity, as they had been to trust him in the time of trouble.

E. F. G.

THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

"I AM a Pebble! and yield to none!"
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone;
"Nor time, nor seasons can alter me;
I am abiding while ages flee.
The pelting hail, and the drizzling rain,
Have tried to soften me long in vain;
And the tender dew has sought to melt
Or touch my heart; but it was not felt.

There's none can tell about my birth,
For I'm as old as the big round earth.
The children of men arise and pass
Out of the world, like blades of grass;
And many a foot on me has trod,
That's gone out of sight under the sod.
I am a Pebble, but who art thou,
Rattling along from the restless bough?"

The Acorn was shock'd at this rude salute,
And lay for a moment abash'd and mute;
She never before had been so near
This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere;
And she felt for a time at a loss to know
How to answer a thing so coarse and low;
But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look or the keen retort,
At length she said, in a gentle tone—
"Since it has happen'd that I am thrown
From the higher element where I grew,
Down to another so hard and new,
And beside a personage so august,
Abased, I will cover my head with dust,
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel,
Has ever subdued or made to feel."
And soon in the earth she sank away
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay.
But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the peering head of the infant oak;

And as it rose and its branches spread,
The Pebble look'd up, and wondering, said :—
“ A modest Acorn, never to tell
What was enclosed in its simple shell ;
That the pride of the forest was folded up
In the narrow space of its little cup ;
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth !
Which proves that nothing could hide her worth.
And oh ! how many will tread on me,
To come and admire the beautiful tree,
Whose head is towering towards the sky,
Above such a worthless thing as I !
Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
I have been idling from year to year ;
But never, from this, shall a vaunting word
From the humbled Pebble again be heard,
Till something without me or within,
Shall show the purpose for which I've been ! ”
The Pebble its vow could not forget,
And it lies there wrapt in silence yet.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

This is a pleasing fable, intended to show that vain boasting is the folly of the insignificant, and humility the proper attribute of true dignity : the vegetation, which is constantly improving, as the acorn in its progress to the mighty oak, is superior to the stationary being that never advances from its primitive unimportance. In a philosophical point of view,

however, nothing in creation is unimportant. If a single pebble have no apparent value, the whole aggregate of pebbles has its uses; as, though the single rain-drop is of small service, the collective drops of the shower are the refreshment and support of animal and vegetable life.

THE EMPEROR'S LIBRARIAN;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF VALENTINE DUVAL.

WITH special interest will every one who finds pleasure in observing the ways of God among men, contemplate the history of Valentine Jameray Duval, who from an ignorant, starving beggar-boy, became the highly respected librarian and keeper of the collection of coins of a great emperor, and, through the energy of his mind, a celebrated scholar.

The time of Jameray Duval's birth, the year 1695, fell in the stirring days of French conquest under Louis XIV., a period noted also for the great internal distress which France then suffered. In the little village of Artenay in Champagne was the house of Duval's parents, and which was one of the

meanest; for the father, a poor peasant, died when Valentine was but ten years old, and left to the mother the care of a numerous family, for whose subsistence the small means remaining to the widow did not suffice in a season of great scarcity which prevailed. There was daily lamentation in the poor household, the younger children crying for bread, and the elder ones becoming hardened to hunger and toil. Valentine, however, was of a cheerful temper, and was the liveliest boy in the village, delighting the other children with his fun, and animating their plays with his merry devices. He had barely learned to read in the village school, when in his twelfth year he entered the service of a peasant, to take care of young turkeys.

It was in the winter of 1708-9, unquestionably the severest known for a century, when the boy Duval commenced his first wandering in the broad world. The cold, which reached its greatest intensity on January 5th, 1709, was so frightful that no one ventured to leave his house or his fireside without the most urgent necessity, for accounts were daily heard of persons found frozen to death on the highways and in houses. All places of public assemblies, the courts of justice, and even churches were deserted. Wine in cellars hardened into ice. The cattle in their stalls perished, the animals in the forests, quadrupeds and birds approached the dwellings and hearths of man, to seek for protection there against the terrible cold, and

for food, which was elsewhere buried deep under the snow. Birds fell powerless from the air, the fish died in the ponds, which were frozen to their lowest depths. The seed in the fields and the vines were ruined, trees in gardens and even the trunks of forest trees snapped with the cold, and rocks were split and thrown down. It was several years before the traces of the desolation which that winter had caused were entirely obliterated.

Even in those days when the winter began to be the hardest, young Duval wandered, from place to place, along the deserted roads, to seek service and a refuge from frost and hunger. To both these perils, there came a third, the hardest of all, which threatened to put a sudden end to his life, and which was nevertheless sent for his rescue from the otherwise inevitable death by freezing and starvation. On the way between Provence and Brie, near a farmer's house, he was seized with so terrible a pain in his head that it seemed to him as if the bones of his scull would break apart, and his eyes start out of their sockets. With difficulty could he drag himself to the door of the neighbouring house, and implore the person who opened it to him, to show him a corner where he might warm himself and recover from the distressing pain. He was shown the barn among the sheep; and the gentle warmth which was diffused there by the breath and perspiration of the numerous animals, was more beneficial to him than a heated room in

the best dwelling house could have been. His limbs soon lost their stiffness, but the pain in his head became so violent that it deprived him of his senses. When, the next morning, the farmer entered the barn and saw the boy's eyes sparkling and inflamed with fever, he was not a little startled. He instantly told the poor sick child that he had the small-pox and would certainly die, because he was too weak and wretched to be carried to a place where he would be better taken care of; for there in that poor house there were no means of affording him the scantiest subsistence during so long a sickness. The sick boy was unable to speak a word. His condition touched the farmer; he went into his house and brought thence a bundle of old linen rags, in which, after he had with difficulty undressed Duval, he wrapt him as a mummy, and laid him on a bed of chaff and manure.

While Duval thus lay buried in the sheep-stall, the winter raged without with ever increasing violence. Several times, at night, he was awakened by a noise like thunder or a discharge of artillery, and when he inquired of the farmer, in the morning, the cause of this nightly alarm, he told him that the frost had split one or more of the walnut or oak-trees which stood near, from the root up, or that by the freezing of the moisture in the crevices of the rocks, they had exploded as if by gunpowder. Without, on the roads as in the hovels, men daily froze to death. The farmer himself in his poor

dwelling could scarcely by the flaming hearth keep himself from being benumbed by the intense cold.

In the midst of young Duval's feeling of repose and the moderate warming of his feeble limbs by the manure, a deep sense of hunger came on. The shepherd, who had taken on himself according to his ability the charge of the boy, was a very poor man, but he did what he could. He gave his poor patient twice every day a thin water broth, seasoned with salt, and even this so sparingly that it was scarcely to be tasted, for even salt was then taxed so heavily, that poor people could hardly supply this want. A corked bottle was the vessel in which the oat-broth was brought—the only way in which it could be kept from freezing—the boy keeping the bottle close to him in his warm bed, and taking a draught from time to time.

For some weeks this food sufficed to allay hunger, but soon the increasing strength of the boy demanded more nutritious diet. But the poor farmer could afford nothing but a watery soup and some pieces of black bread, which were frozen so hard that they had to be cut with an axe, and only the warmth of the mouth or of the bed made them eatable. As trifling as these gifts of a love, which received not its reward on earth, may have been in the eyes of men, they soon exceeded nevertheless the ability of the poor farmer, who saw himself compelled to apply to the clergyman of the village for help for his patient. His application found a hearing. The

abode of the pastor was almost a league distant from the sheep-fold. Thither poor Valentine Duval was carried, wrapt in miserable rags and hay, and seated upon an ass. The cold was still so severe, and the change so great, that he arrived at his new shelter half dead and with every limb stiff. To prevent the injurious effects of the frost, his body was rubbed with snow, and he was placed in a situation which, in its character and fitness to create a moderate warmth, was as well adapted to him as that from which he had been taken in the sheep-fold. Only after a week, when the cold had considerably decreased, was the patient, again becoming strong, carried to a chamber and laid in an ordinary bed. The care and food which he received in the parsonage, were indeed much better than the poor shepherd had been able to afford him. Duval soon felt himself as well and as strong as he had been before his sickness. With the return of health came also the inclination to wander. The good pastor could employ no additional servant in his little household. He intimated to the now vigorous lad that he should look about him for employment, gave him a little money for travelling, and dismissed him from his kindly care with his affectionate advice and prayers.

Valentine Duval now went from village to village, and every where saw nothing but bitter want, and heard of nothing but scarcity and starvation. He asked at last, whether

there were not any other country, where the grain was not frozen. He was told that, perhaps, towards the east and the south, there might be regions which the warmer influence of the sun had protected against the devastation of the winter. This intimation filled the heart of the young wanderer with joy and hope. He directed his course to the quarter where the sun rose. The commencement of his journey did not appear fitted to animate him to its continuance; it led him through the poorest parts of Champagne. Instead of what might properly be called bread, a baked composition of crushed hemp-seed appeased the hunger of the people. Duval had need to be thankful, if he could only procure enough of this unwholesome food to allay his appetite.

Valentine at length passed the boundaries of oppressed, exhausted France, and came into Lorraine, which at that time was still under the mild government of its German princes. Here everything that he saw seemed new and beautiful, and here the famished stomach of the stranger found food. Instead of the nauseous hemp-seed bread, there was sweet wheaten bread, with meat and other articles of food. Here Duval wished to remain; and the wish was gratified. A shepherd took the robust, active boy into his service.

For two years Duval tended the sheep on the hills, and was comfortably supported. He was now sixteen years old, and tall and strong for his age. The herd-boy was of an inquiring,

restless spirit. When in the fields, he noticed the trees and flowers, the beasts and stones; when the moon stood, now in the evening sky, as a sickle or growing disc, and showed him his way home, and now again, in its waning, when it brightened the morning hours, then he fell into deep thought about all these things, and the changes they underwent, till he could find no beginning and no end. Where the little brook, which flowed by the village, had its beginning, he knew, for in summer he visited its fountain almost daily, but whence the water came, which always rose out of the earth, he could not ascertain; and that the brooks united in rivers, then into bays, and then ran into the sea,—this he knew from hear-say, but he would gladly see it with his own eyes. When the neighbours sometimes came together at the herdsman's, or when, on holidays, the villagers met and conversed together about strange things, he listened with the utmost attention. He often asked questions, and wished always to learn more; but what these simple people told him only stimulated instead of appeasing his curiosity. From the height, on which Duval often tended his sheep, a landscape was to be seen, among the most fruitful of Lorraine; green meadows and fields, amidst which lay a multitude of little farms, extended as far as the eye reached, from the north towards the south, to the foot of the blue mountains, which bounded the prospect to the east. There, on those blue

mountains, Duval longed to stand and see what lay beyond; for this much he had learned, that the world was much greater and more extensive than the circle of his vision.

Duval could no longer resist an impulse which urged him to quit his present place. He parted from his employer, and once more resumed his wandering towards the east, but soon entered into the service of some hermits.

We have said already that Valentine, when he entered into service as a keeper of poultry, had barely learned to read. He had impatiently waited for an opportunity to improve in this humble branch of learning. But such opportunities had hitherto been very few. Here however, in the hermits' dwelling, there was a library of books which really numbered more than twelve volumes. The literary food of the hermits consisted only of such works as contained directions to a solitary life, prayers and meditations, lives of saints, and stories of monks.

Those ways of Providence, which best serve our welfare, are generally opposite to our wishes; they cross our own ways, and yet lead to peace, while the ways we would have chosen lose themselves in pathless wastes. Valentine's residence at the hermitage was only of short continuance. He was sent by his master to another abode of hermits at Luneville, to be engaged as a servant.

With anxious heart Duval wandered through the forest of

Modon into the open country, where lay before him the flourishing city of Luneville, with its beautiful castle, the residence of the Duke of Lorraine. Uneasy as a wild bird, brought for the first time in the new prison of his cage into the crowd of a market-place, our young hermit mingled shyly with the well-dressed throng of this metropolis, and hardly dared to turn his eyes to the grand castle of the prince, which seemed to intimate the neighbourhood of beings of a higher kind. The first business which the old hermits at Luneville entrusted to their robust young servant was the care of the cows, which he had to drive to pasture in the forest.

One of these aged men remarked the extraordinary curiosity with which Duval's eye followed his pen in writing, and resolved to make the lad a sharer of his art. With a hand trembling with age and daily toil, he wrote for the youth the letters, which the latter faithfully copied, forming them as rudely as they were represented. But the zeal of the pupil exceeded the ability of his old teacher. The one rarely had time to teach, the other thirsted continually to learn. Duval invented, therefore, a method by which he might practise himself in writing without assistance. He took a pane of glass from the window of his cell, laid it over a written paper, and with the ink, which was easily washed away, traced the letters on the glass, until at last he was able to write a stiff, old-fashioned hand like his teacher.

But Duval's education in the hermitage was not confined to the art of writing. He found other means of feeding his daily increasing appetite for knowledge. The fathers possessed several books. The cover of one of these was a rich prize to our young inquirer. It contained the first four rules of arithmetic. The delight which a poor man feels, when he unexpectedly digs up in his little garden what seems to him an immense treasure, could not be greater than Duval's, when he found the key to an art, which justly appeared to him as one of the gates which open into a wide realm of knowledge. Sums appeared and vanished before his eyes, as they were united by addition, or yet more increased by multiplication, and again diminished by subtraction, or still further lessened by division. In a favourite spot, a sort of grotto, the diligent arithmetician was often found, even in the hours of the summer night, busy with the solution of self-imposed tasks.

More powerfully than by all that he saw around him, was he attracted by the spectacle of the starry heavens. On one of the highest oaks on the edge of the wood he built for himself, out of willow-twigs and ivy, a sort of throne like a stork's nest; the throne itself, upon which he there sat, was the remains of an old bee-hive. Here in clear nights he spent many an hour, during which he examined with the closest attention every quarter of the heaven.

It was just at the time of the great annual fair of St. George, at Luneville, that the hermits sent their young servant into the city, to execute certain commissions. While curiously gazing at the beautiful things exposed for sale, he discovered, to his great joy, a celestial chart, also a representation of the earth, and four maps displaying the four quarters of the globe. The wages he had earned, amounting to five or six francs, he had with him always in his pocket. The moment had now come to make a right investment of this. With joy he gave it all to secure possession of the precious charts.

In a few days the happy Duval had got so far in the celestial chart that the relative situation of most of the constellations was known to him ; it became plain to him, also, that the pictures on the charts were not drawn on the heavens, but that to every picture a group of stars belonged, which had little to do with the form of a bull or a ram. Had there only been some one to describe and name to him one of these groups, it would have been easy for him, according to their relative places on the chart, to find out the other pictures also, but he had himself to devise a means of escape from this embarrassment, and his reflections soon led him the right way.

He had learnt that the pole-star, which designates the north pole of the heavens as well as the earth, always occupies the same place. Could he only find this, so he inferred, then he would have at all hours of the night, in summer and in winter,

a fixed point from which the relative places of the constellations might be ascertained. But who was to tell him where to find in the heavens the north pole? In this uncertainty, a piece of information he had got by hearsay became of service. He had heard that there is a steel needle which always turns one end toward the north, and might therefore serve to ascertain the different quarters of the world. His earnest desire to see such a wonderful needle and make use of it, was gratified by one of the old hermits, who had in his possession a pocket compass, and willingly lent it to the eager Duval. The direction in which the pole-star is to be seen, now became known to him, but how high or low the north star stands, he knew not. This important discovery, however, was made after several vain inquiries and failures. He first tried to find the pole-star by means of a straight branch directed towards a star of the third magnitude, standing in the north. By boring this branch, he made it a tolerably large tube; if the star to which this instrument was directed was the true one, then it must always be seen through the tube. But alas! the tube was scarcely bored when the star, to which it was directed, passed from the field of vision; and not more fortunate were other experiments, until at last the tube broke. Yet the curiosity of our young inquirer was not diverted from its path by such disappointments. A reed of elder, from which the pith was removed, was next fastened to the top of

the large oak, that served for an observatory, in such a way that it could be turned at pleasure, up and down, to the right or to the left. This contrivance led at last to success; the pole-star was found, and therewith the key to the gradual explanation of the starry groups, and to a knowledge of the constellations.

What are these stars, Duval asked himself, and how far is it to them from my oak? More fruitlessly now did his eye exert itself to find a measure below for the things above; on all sides the desired end retreated before him; the nearer he appeared to come to it, the further did it retire into the depths which no inquiries of the senses can penetrate.

Whatever may be the size of the earth, that would be more easily ascertained, so thought our advancing scholar, if the representation of the earth, which he had lying before him, could only be understood. His charts were his constant companions. In the lonely woods he spread them on the ground before him, while the cows grazed around him. What the many lines meant, some straight and some curved, which were drawn upon the representation of the globe—he thought deeply about for days. At last the broad girdle drawn around the middle of the earth, and divided into three hundred and sixty little black and white spaces, led him to think that they were intended to represent distances. A light rose upon him, which at once made all clear; the riddle was solved; the

little spaces signified miles, (he knew as yet no other measure for earthly distances,) and consequently he considered that the circumference of the earth consisted of no more nor less than three hundred and sixty French miles or leagues.

He could scarcely wait for dinner time to communicate his grand discovery to the hermits. The learned brother shook his head, but had nothing to say. One of the others had been, in his youth, in Calabria. He stated that on that journey he had travelled more than three hundred and sixty leagues, but that land and water extended further; a distance of three hundred and sixty miles could not reach round the earth.

Poor Duval stood pondering over his discovery, abashed and at a loss; either the charts, for which he had sacrificed his whole property, were good for nothing, or the key to them lay so entirely hidden from him, that he must give up the hope of finding it. On the next day after the disheartening event which had befallen him in the career of his investigations, he made a visit to the city, and walked awhile in the garden of the castle. There he saw Mr. Remy the gardener, seated at the end of a walk, reading. His curiosity, always awake, prompted him to ask what the gentleman was reading, and to his joyful surprise, he learned that the book was an Introduction to the knowledge of Geography. Valentine burned with desire to read the book; he ventured the entreaty, that Mr. Remy would lend it to him, and his request was

complied with. With the intention of transcribing it, he took the book with many thanks, but could not resist the desire immediately to know its contents. Already on his way home he learned that the little black and white spaces on the central line of his representation of the globe denoted *degrees*, every one of which was equal to sixty miles. He immediately learned also what the other lines meant, which cut the central line, or the equator, from the north to the south. He thought now of nothing but making himself a globe, in order to the better understanding of what he had learned. Hazel-sticks bent to represent one way the length, and the other the breadth of the earth, were fastened together, and then notched with a knife to represent three hundred and sixty degrees in one direction, and ninety in the other. Now first was the distinct understanding of his charts laid open to our inquiring herd-boy, when he spread them out upon the ground under the shelter of the wood, and, by aid of the compass which he had borrowed, arranged them in the due directions. Then his inquiring spirit could wander forth from the point where Luneville lay, now to this country, now to that, in this or the other quarter of the globe, and shortly he could answer promptly and with certainty any question about the situation of this or that place. Not content with this, he sought out in the Geography the course of the rivers and the outlines of the sea coast, and noted on both the situations

of remarkable cities, especially of the capitals. His success was such that, after a while, he was as familiar with the several cities on his charts, as he was with the different parts and trees of the woods around him.

The longing for knowledge in Duval had risen to a passionate height. It was now directed especially towards other countries, of which he thought all day and dreamed by night; the circle of his information had extended in other directions. In every house whither the errands of his old masters led him, he inquired for books; and where books were to be got, if he could not find one, he took another. In this way a translation of Plutarch's *Lives* and of the history of Quintus Curtius had come into his hands, and became his amusement in the retired grotto of the old quarry. But all these new elements of knowledge were the sparks which kindled the desire to know more. Books, in his over-estimate of human wisdom, seemed to teach and tell all things. But how was he to procure books, after he had spent all his wealth in the purchase of his charts?

Duval had learned that the skins of certain wild animals, as well as the flesh of others, were sold in the city, at greater or less prices. In that portion of the forest belonging to them, the proprietors of the hermitage had the right, not only to pasture their cows, but also to hunt and catch the game, birds and quadrupeds.

The old fathers, although they lived on terms of neutrality and peace with the wild inhabitants of the neighbouring wood, occasionally experienced an emotion of irritation against their bold, four-footed neighbours, when they discovered sometimes of a morning that their geese had been stolen by the fox, and the poultry murdered by the marten and the polecat. They made no objection then, when their young attendant joined to his office of herdsman the business of a hunter, and came home, now with the trophy of a fox-skin, and now with the felt of a marten. These were duly sold, and in a few months he had made from thirty to forty dollars. With this large sum, as it seemed to him, he ran to Nancy, the city of learning and the arts, some six leagues off: for he had heard that there more valuable books, and in greater abundance, were to be bought than in Luneville. For him, every book that could teach him anything had a priceless value; but what its value might be, commercially regarded, he knew not. A novice in trade, he used therefore to lay his money on the counters of the booksellers, begging them to take no more from his poverty than the books selected by him, according to a reasonable estimate, were worth.

The cell, which had been given to Duval for his sleeping and sitting room, was almost too small to hold both its inmate and his property at the same time. The ceiling was ornamented with the representation of the heavens, the celestial

chart, and the walls were adorned with the maps of the different quarters of the globe.

At length, the books purchased at Nancy and elsewhere, Duval had not only read, but, as far as it was possible, thoroughly digested. He began to think how he should procure additional nutriment of the same sort. The game of the forest were partly annihilated, and had partly strayed away. While he was seeking some other method of supplying his necessities, a way of obtaining what he wanted opened itself before him unsought. One day in autumn, as he was walking in the wood, pushing before him the fallen leaves with his foot, he saw something shining. It proved to be a finely wrought gold seal, with an uncommonly beautiful coat of arms. On the next Sunday he caused the seal to be advertised from the pulpit at Luneville, and after a few days, an English gentleman presented himself as the lawful owner of the seal. Mr. Forster—so the gentleman was called—had resided some years in Luneville, devoting himself to scientific inquiries and honourable pursuits. Duval was ready to give up the seal, but he first required as a condition, that the meaning of the coat of arms should be explained to him. How this young man, in a poor peasant's frock, should take any interest in such matters, Mr. Forster did not understand. He accounted the request an expression of ignorant curiosity. He complied, however, with the condition of the honest finder,

and was not a little astonished, when he perceived, from the questions and observations of the young man, that he was thoroughly acquainted with history and its auxiliary sciences, and even with heraldry, and even better skilled in these things than most boys of his age who were taught in the schools. The curiosity of this youth was indeed touching. It proceeded from such a pure, inward longing for knowledge and truth, it received so gratefully what was offered to it, that the kind Englishman instantly, at the very first interview, took a hearty liking to Duval. He rewarded him with a generous sum of money, and invited his young friend to visit him at Luneville. In these visits, Duval, with his quick apprehension, learned more in an hour than many students in weeks' and months' attendance in the schools; for Mr. Forster had seen the world—he was not only a lover and promoter of science, but was himself versed in history and antiquities.

As Duval never went in any dress but his common coat, never, even on his long day marches to the bookstores of Nancy, ate anything but the bread which he took with him, or the food taken by poor people, his library grew to contain four hundred volumes; and among them, since Mr. Forster had directed the selection, were works of considerable intrinsic value. In wood and field, by day and partly by night, our young herdboys was busy with his books and maps. How thankfully now did he esteem the privilege of having always been

employed chiefly in the tending of the cows of the hermitage ; just the employment the most favourable to his scientific pursuits.

It was a beautiful spring morning, in the year 1717, when he was found lying on the ground in the wood, with his outspread maps, studying them with the greatest attention. Suddenly he heard a man's voice, which bade him good day. He looked up, and saw a gentleman on whose countenance a noble dignity, joined with gentleness, was expressed, and who asked why he was here so busy with the maps. "I am searching for and considering the way," said Duval, "from the coast of France to Quebec in Canada." "To Quebec?" asked the gentleman further. "And what have you to do with Quebec?" "I have read," replied Duval, "that there is a French seminary, or high-school there, where many good things are taught, and where the children of poor people are received and instructed for nothing, and, therefore, I am thinking of travelling thither, to study in Quebec." "Indeed!" said the gentleman, "to learn something good, and thorough, one need not go so far; free instruction for young people, who have the will and the talent to study, may be had here too, in our seminaries and high-schools."

During this conversation, several other gentlemen had approached Duval, whose dress and bearing showed them to be persons of no common rank. They asked the high steward,

Count von Vidampiere, (for this gentleman it was,) about the subject of the conversation and the remarkable boy with whom he talked, and then addressed several questions to Duval, which he answered with propriety and a noble openness. He dreamed not of what importance, of what consequence for his



whole life, the examination would prove to which he was then submitting; and perhaps this ignorance was to his advantage, for thus his sound understanding, his wit and good humour, the wonderful extent of his reading (his station in life

considered), were manifested with that freedom from constraint which rendered them all the more pleasing.

The high assembly, in the midst of which the examination was held, consisted chiefly of persons from the court of Lorraine. The two young princes, Leopold Clement and Francis, together with their high officers, represented the examiners, who proposed questions to their candidate in a herdsman's dress, and received from him answers by which a young school-educated pupil could hardly have gained greater honour than Duval, the nursling of nature ; for in the simplicity of his whole manner it shone forth that he uttered nothing that he did not truly feel and honestly believe.

On returning home, the princes told their father, the mild Duke Leopold, what strange game they had met with in their hunt, in the acquaintance they had made with a young cowherd, who had astonished them all by his knowledge of geography and history. It required but a few words to win the good duke to a plan to benefit Duval. His grace consented that the young man should enter a college at his expense, and be maintained there so long as was necessary.

With such tears as we shed when we embark on the broad ocean and bid farewell to the shores of our fatherland, Duval looked once more on his seat in the high oak, so like a stork's nest, where the rolling stars of the night awoke in his breast aspirations after an infinite universe surrounding us everywhere.

With similar emotions he took leave of the grotto in the old quarry, and of every old oak or beech, in whose shade he had been at school to the invisible, and yet present teachers, of ancient and modern times.

Valentine Duval had passed his examination with success in the forest : now he was to be promoted in the presence of the duke and a number of ladies and gentlemen of the court, assembled out of curiosity. Here were no such dangers or pains to be feared as in battles with wild cats or with biting foxes and weasels. He spoke and answered with child-like openness, and his remarks gave at least as much cause for admiration as for amusement. They found the peasant youth beyond all expectation intelligent and amiable. Some ladies, who fell into conversation with Duval, admired his white teeth. "It is only an advantage," said the honest lad, "which I have in common with all dogs."

Duval, the history of whose youth is adapted above that of all others to disclose to us the inborn instinct of the human mind in its whole force and activity, had now arrived at a resting point, beyond which his career becomes less remarkable and unusual. Like a river, which has its source in a rocky, mountainous region, and at the beginning of its course delights the eye with many a picturesque waterfall, but which only when it descends into the plains, where its flow becomes quiet and scarcely perceptible, spreads abroad its blessings through

fields and meadows—this remarkable man became note-worthy, on his entrance into the world, more for his influence on the circumstances of others, than for the changes of his own. The kind Duke Leopold took him into his special favour, advanced him a year's income, and afforded him opportunity to visit Paris and the Netherlands. And to such a lover of books as Duval was, what office could have been better adapted and more agreeable than that of librarian, to which, upon his return to Luneville, he was appointed by the duke? He was at the same time appointed teacher of history and antiquities in the high-school at Luneville. This institution was at that time the resort of many foreigners, particularly of the sons of rich English families. Duval's instructions were, from their vividness and originality, so attractive, the whole manner of the man inspired such love and confidence, that he exercised a very great influence on the young. Among the young Englishmen who not only took the deepest interest in his public instructions, but also delighted in his society, was one, of whom Duval foresaw that he would act the no inconsiderable part which he afterwards took in the affairs of his own country. This was the statesman, afterwards so celebrated, Lord Chatham.

Duke Francis, the son of the noble patron of Duval, succeeded the Emperor of Germany in his throne. On his attaining to the imperial dignity, he invited Duval to Vienna, where he

became the founder and first superintendent of the imperial collection of coins at Vienna, and the emperor's librarian. Duval lived and laboured at the imperial court for many years. His investigations in the whole circle of knowledge grew ever more earnest. He lived to a serene old age of eighty-one years, and retained full command of his faculties to the last.

THE SERVICE OF LOVE.

I HAD once two little orphans placed under my care for a season. They had both been carefully trained by their departed parents in orderly and obedient habits:—but in the education of the one, who was called Martin, love had been more employed than fear; and in the education of the other, whose name was Peter, fear had been more the ruling principle than love. I soon discovered this to be the case, and perceived it in the general tone of their manners as well as in the expression of their countenances. They were both agreeable in their persons, and respectful in their manner towards me, and disposed to obey the first intimation of my will; and their lonely circumstances drew out my heart alike to both; for a

most kind and tender friend had pleaded earnestly with me that I would act a father's part towards them whilst under my roof for awhile. Thus, after they came to my cottage, I treated them exactly alike, and looked for nothing at first in their behaviour towards me, but that sort of shyness which children generally show towards strangers, and which



I expected would gradually wear off. I am a great lover of little children, and delight in watching the opening of their characters; and a few days after the arrival of these little ones, as I was sitting in the cool of the evening engaged in reading, and the children were amusing themselves on the lawn, near

the side of a small stream, I came to a pause in my book, and raising my eyes from it, I turned towards the children, watching their motions as they were engaged in their respective employments; and happening to catch the eyes of both at the same time, I gave them each a smile, as is my custom to do with children I know. There was something in Martin's eye which made a quick reply, and a sweet smile on his face was like the echo of a voice, an answer to my smile. But Peter did not smile again; he blushed and looked down. In a short time Martin moved a little towards the door of the house, and after I had returned to my book, and spent another half-hour in this employment, I perceived that Martin had quite crept from the door, and was seated on the floor at my feet. The movement had been made so gradually that I had not been aware of it, and he was quietly engaged in arranging a variety of flowers, without seeming anxious to attract my attention, but as if simply desirous to enjoy the act of sitting near me. Another greeting of a smile passed between us, and we were silent again. I did not give another smile to Peter at that time, for his face was turned from me, and if he had made any change in his place, it was rather to move to a greater distance. From this day an intimacy began to be formed between Martin and myself; every smile, every little mark of favour from me was joyfully accepted by the child, and there was no result on his part of undue familiarity

in his behaviour towards me, and no tampering with my forbearance by his withholding quick obedience to my commands. It seemed only as if my notice of him was sweeter to him than honey and the honey-comb. Thus did every day bring us nearer together in heart and feeling, though in my general outward conduct I do not know that there was any difference in my treatment of him and the little Peter, who seemed desirous scrupulously to obey my commands, not always cheerfully, indeed, yet without any appearance of a rebellious feeling.

The boys had now been some weeks in my house, when I had occasion to go from home for a whole afternoon and evening, and the circumstances were such that I could not, with any convenience, take them with me. Before I left my premises, I took them into my garden and appointed to each of them a task ; it was that of weeding a plot of ground which I was going to plant the next day with vegetables. Their tasks were distinct, and each knew his own portion of ground. Before I left them, I said, " You will require much patience to clear these plots of ground ; the late rain has caused the weeds to grow abundantly, and some of these weeds have long roots ; and besides this you know you have neighbours on each side of you, idle little children, who will entice you to play with them as soon as I am gone, and you will find it very difficult to resist their enticements when I am away from you. But

I hope you will be faithful, and then how pleasant it will be if you are able to give a good account of yourselves when I return at night."

The children promised obedience, and I left them. It was later than I expected when I returned home, and therefore I did not inquire for the children, supposing they were gone to rest, and hastened to my own room; but no sooner was my footstep heard on the staircase, and on my entering my room, than the door of the children's little chamber was burst open, and Martin rushed into my room. He was in his white night-gown, his face was flushed, and his eyes red with weeping. At the sight of me he fell on his knees before me, and lifted up his little joined hands, crying out,—

"I have been a naughty little boy; I can never be trusted any more; I have been very wicked; you will never, never smile upon me again; no, never, never."

The child's manner took me quite by surprise, and I said, in alarm, "What is the matter, Martin? what have you done?" He answered as well as he could for sobs, "We worked hard a little while, and then those children came, and they invited us to eat some cherries which they said had been given to them; they called us several times, and at last we went to them, and then they asked us to play a little, a very little while with them, and we did play; we went down to the side of the river, and we forgot how late it was, and when we

remembered and came home at last, it was too dark to see the weeds."

"This is sad, Martin," said I; "it is very sad to be unfaithful," and I looked very grave as I spoke. Martin sobbed again louder than he had done before, and continued kneeling with his hands still joined. "Where is Peter?" said I.

"We both went to bed when we came in," answered the child, amidst his tears, "for we felt afraid to see you, and we have had no supper, and are very hungry, and we have not been to sleep."

Then I said, "Does Peter mean to tell me what he has done?"

"No, not now; he says he will not come till he has pulled up all the weeds, and will get up very early in the morning, and bring you a basket full of weeds, and then he thinks you will forgive him."

"And what made you come, Martin?" said I.

"Because, sir, you are so very kind to me, and I love you so. Oh! if you would but once smile at me as you sometimes do, and say you forgive me, then I should be so very happy."

"And then," I said, "you would think no more of my weeds!"

On hearing me say this the child burst into such an agony of tears, that I could refrain no longer, but raised him from

his knees and pressed him to my heart. I took water, and washed his face and eyes, and smoothed his head, and then I made him drink out of my own warm cup of milk which had been prepared for my supper, and giving him one kiss and one smile, which gladdened his heart more than the milk, I dismissed him to his bed, and there, being much refreshed, he sank presently into a far sweeter slumber than his poor little companion enjoyed. The next morning he was up before the poor wearied Peter, and when my breakfast hour arrived, his footsteps were the first to be heard at the cottage door. The children had both, indeed, risen early, and gone to their work; but Martin had slept well, and he was the strongest for his labour, and his basket was the fullest of weeds. He brought it with a brisk and cheerful step, and laid it at my feet, not as if he wished to draw my attention to it, but as if craving only another smile. Not so Peter. He held his basket tight in his arms; he walked with a trembling step towards me, and looking up with a pale and tearful countenance, he said, in a faint voice, "Will you forgive me, sir, for my neglect yesterday? I have tried to repair my fault to-day."

"You have done well," I answered, "Peter, to try and redeem the time you lost, and to gain wisdom from yesterday's folly. But you cannot undo the faithlessness of yesterday by your faithfulness to-day; and if you had asked forgiveness last night, as Martin did, my forgiveness of you would have

been sweet and free, and you would have been strengthened, as Martin was, for fuller work to-day."

I do not think that Peter understood me then, nor do I think that, during the whole time he remained with me, he ever quite learned the lesson I was then trying to teach him. He wished to be obedient, and was so in a manner, especially in little things, but he did not take the best way of studying my will, and failed of acting according to it. When I was unwell, Martin would sit by my pillow and watch me sleeping or waking, and try to prevent my wants, whilst Peter would bring to the door the articles I required, and obey the little orders I sent him. When I was in health, and walked out, Martin's hand was within mine, while Peter walked behind, generally at a little distance from us. It was clear that Martin's object was to do for me all he thought would please me, and to be with me at all times; and if he had flowers or any other child's delight bestowed upon him, he was never content unless he could enjoy them in my presence, with my smile upon him; and if he had any trouble, his first impulse was to obtain my sympathy or help; whilst the behaviour of Peter was, on almost all occasions, and during all the time of his abode under my roof, the very reverse of this. Oh, how different is the service of love and of fear even in a child!

Many years have now passed since Martin and Peter lived with me, and whenever I recall Martin to my recollection, I

have before my mind's eye a cheerful smiling boy, with rosy cheeks, sitting at my feet, (whether with book, or fruit, or flowers in his hand,) smiling at me, and desiring my smile to sweeten all his pleasures. Or if I had sent him on an errand, I see him with eager feet, scorning cold or heat, snow or wind, to do my bidding, careless what he lost or what he suffered, so that he might despatch his business properly, and return into my company.

But of Peter I think as of a sorrowful child ever engaged in performing painful duties to one whom he feared more than he loved, to obey whom was almost always an act of self-denial, whose favour he thought was to be bought, and who could never freely forgive or freely love: it is pleasant to me to remember Martin; it is very sad to think of Peter.

And now I address those who read this little history. Tell me if you think there are any lessons to be learned from the different conduct of Martin and Peter? I think there is one, and one too which you may turn to very good account. It is this,—that the service of love is a very sweet service, and the service of fear is a sorrowful service. Believe me, reader, the more you love God, the more sweet, and free, and active will be your obedience. The service of love is a willing service; and if it is willing, there will be no need of being driven to it by that fear which hath torment. You will need no other fear than that holy awe of One most great and

glorious, which will make you afraid of sin, *every* sin, and which will make you come near to God with reverence when you pray to him or speak of his name to others ; such fear the angels have when they veil their faces as they bow before the throne. But remember that we can never be saved from that fear which hath torment unless we draw near to God in the name of our Saviour Jesus Christ ; for the beams of the Father's love shine only on those who receive the Lord Jesus Christ, and trust in him as their complete, their *only* Saviour ; for no man cometh unto the Father but through the Son.

Learn betimes to love your heavenly Father ; he has created you and taken care of you to this day. He has given you his Son to die for you, and promised his Spirit to make his children holy, and with these greater blessings he has given you countless more than I can name. And why has he done this ? Because he is *Love* ; his nature and his name is *Love*. You may see and feel by your senses that he is Love ; for the beautiful works of creation are always teaching you this truth. The flowers and the fruits you smell and taste, your own body so beautifully and curiously made, the stars above your head, the grass below your feet, the comforts of your home, the clothes you wear, and the roof that shelters you, and all your daily mercies, teach you the same lesson. The spiritual blessings of holy instruction teach you also the same truth ; the invitations of God's ministers, and the care

of tender parents, and wise schoolmasters, and holy friends, and your sweet Sundays, and all the ordinances of God, are the voice of love. Your Bible, too, which tells you the history of our Saviour's work of love while he lived in this world, and of the promises of the Holy Spirit to comfort us and dwell in us;—all, all these things teach us in a thousand ways this best of lessons, that God is Love.

“ Little children, abide in his love.”

“ Little children, love one another.”

L. C.

THE HONEST MILLER OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

OF all the callings and the trades
Which in our land abound,
The miller's is as useful, sure,
As can on earth be found.

The lord or squire of high degree
Is needful to the state,
Because he lets the land he owns,
In farms both small and great.

The farmer, he manures the land,
Or else what corn could grow?
The ploughman cuts the furrow deep,
Ere he begins to sow.

THE HONEST MILLER.

And though no wealth he has, except
The labour of his hands ;
Yet honest Industry's as good
As houses or as lands.

The thresher, he is useful too
To all who like to eat ;
Unless he winnow'd well the corn,
The chaff would spoil the wheat.

But vain the squire's and farmer's care,
And vain the thresher's toil ;
And vain would be the ploughman's pains
Who harrows up the soil ;

And vain, without the miller's aid,
The sowing and the dressing ;
Then sure an honest miller,—he
Must be a public blessing.

And such a miller now I make
The subject of my song,
Which, though it shall be very true,
Shall not be very long.

This miller lives in Gloucestershire ;
I shall not tell his name,
For those who seek the praise of God
Desire no other fame.

In last hard winter—who forgets,
The frost of ninety-five ?
Then was all dismal, scarce and dear,
And no poor man could thrive.

Then husbandry long time stood still,
And work was at a stand ;
To make the matter worse, the mills
Were froze throughout the land.

Our miller dwelt beside a stream,
Close underneath the hill,
Which flowed amain, when others froze,
Nor ever stopp'd the mill.

The clamorous people came from far
This favour'd mill to find ;
Both rich and poor our miller sought,
For none but he could grind.

His neighbours cried, " Now, miller, seize
The time to heap up store,
Since thou, of young and helpless babes,
Hast got full half a score."

For folks when tempted to grow rich,
By means not over nice,
Oft make their numerous babes a plea
To sanctify the vice.

Our miller scorn'd such counsel base,
And when he ground the grain,
With stedfast hand refused to touch
Beyond his lawful gain.

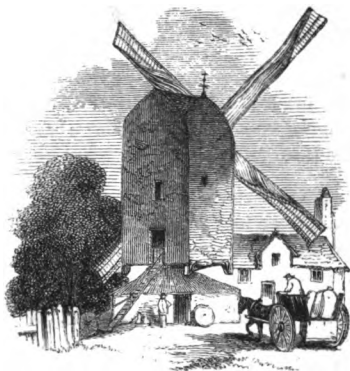
" When God afflicts the land," said he,
" Shall I afflict it more,
And watch for times of public grief
To wrong both rich and poor ?

THE HONEST MILLER.

"Thankful to that almighty Power,
Who makes my river flow,
I'll use the means he gives, to soothe
A hungry neighbour's woe.

"My river flows when others freeze ;
But 'tis at his command ;
For rich and poor I'll grind alike,
No bribe shall stain my hand."

So all the country who had corn,
Here found their wants redrest :—
May every village in the land
Be with such millers blest !





THE PROMISE FULFILLED.

“Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after
many days.” *Eccles. xi. 1.*

PERHAPS many, who have read this verse in the Bible, have wondered what it could mean, and why it was written.

A simple explanation, however, will make it intelligible. In Egypt the river Nile overflows its banks every year, completely covering the country, at the time of sowing, for several weeks in the year. The seed-corn is thrown upon the water;

it then sinks, and takes root as the waters retire again, and in due season it springs up, and he who has sown it reaps an abundant harvest. Just so, those who regard the sufferings of the needy, who feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and try to relieve the sick and sorrowful, from right feelings and with right motives, shall be rewarded for the kindness which they show, and the exertions which they make. All this would be our *duty*, we know, even if we had no prospect of reward, because God has commanded it, and our blessed Saviour has set us the example ; but we are not only told to "cast our bread upon the waters," but are promised that we shall "find it after many days ;" and Christ has said, that even "a cup of cold water," given to a disciple, shall not lose its reward. Thus we see what encouragement we have to keep God's commandments.

I have heard and read a great many tales, which show how faithful God is to his promise, and how many kind acts, performed without the hope or desire of reward, have been returned when it was least expected and most needed. But the one which I am about to tell you has interested me even more than usual, because I know those to whom it happened, and am sure that it is true.

The first of January, some years ago, was a cold, stormy day. The snow lay thickly on the ground ; ladies, in their walks, were well wrapped in furs and warm clothing,

and many a cheerful fire blazed in the mansions of the rich. In the afternoon of this day, a young female, who lived in a respectable looking house in a large city, was preparing to go out. The chamber was very cold, and, changing her dress as quickly as she could, she ran down to warm herself before she should set out on her walk. There was a fire in only one apartment of the house, a room which, though very comfortable, looked rather gloomy, for the day was dark, and a room of that kind requires sunshine to make it cheerful. The young female, too, looked rather sad, and, as she entered the room, she shivered with the cold.

"Are you going out this bitter day, Emma?" said her mother, looking up as she approached the fire.

"Yes," she replied, "I must visit the children of my Sunday-school class to-day, though I almost dread going out."

"It is too cold for you to go," said her mother; "and you are not warmly dressed either. You had better not go to-day."

"It may not be any warmer soon, mother, and I am as warmly dressed as I am likely to be this winter. Besides," she continued, "you know this is a duty I cannot often perform, except on a holiday like this; for it is too late when I close school now to go into such neighbourhoods as some of my scholars live in."

Mrs. Grant sighed, but made no reply ; and, after a short pause, during which she completed her preparations for going out, the daughter inquired, "Is anything the matter, mother, that you seem so sad?"

"Nothing more than has often been the matter before, Emma, but that makes it no easier to bear ; to-morrow will be Saturday, and we have no prospect of food either for it or for the next day."

"And the coal is almost gone, is it not?" said Emma, anxiously ; "I felt so unhappy this morning when Miss Rowen called, and we had no fire in the parlour. It is a gloomy commencement of the new-year."

"It is indeed, my child ; but for my trust in Him who has said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,' I should be almost in despair."

"The Christmas and New-Year holidays used to be such a merry time to us, and now they are so sad," continued the daughter, mournfully. For a few moments nothing more was said, for they felt very sorrowful ; and no wonder. God had, for his own wise purposes, afflicted them ; they were struggling with trials of various kinds ; and, though they did not murmur, they felt their altered condition keenly.

A short time before, they had been very differently circumstanced ; but a succession of reverses had reduced them to poverty, and, forced to leave their beautiful country-house,

they had removed to the city, where, though exerting themselves to the utmost, they were yet enduring many trials. They had few friends; and a large family of helpless children were dependent upon efforts which were but too often unsuccessful; while both the health and spirits of the elder branches of the family were yielding to the pressure of unremitting toil and constant anxiety.

Yet few—perhaps none—even of those who knew them best, suspected how much they were suffering; for they made no complaint, and asked no aid; they were always dressed respectably, though plainly, and no one was aware what constant care it cost the mother and elder sisters to preserve the remnant of their former wardrobe. But they were Christians, and though cast down, they were not forsaken, for in the word of God, and in the services of the sanctuary, they had sources of consolation of which the world knows nothing. To Emma, though engaged in teaching all the week, her duties as a sabbath-school teacher were a source of unfailing interest and pleasure. She was engaged in a free-school, established in the outskirts of the city, amidst an almost heathen population; and it was on a visit to the children of her class there that she was now setting forth.

After a few moments of silent and painful thought, which no one interrupted, she roused herself, saying, with an attempt at cheerfulness, as she rose to leave the room, “I dare say

some way will be opened for us ; the Lord has never yet suffered us to be left entirely without fire or food. Ah !” she added, “I am going to visit those who are in a worse situation than we are.”

“They must be in a forlorn condition indeed, then,” said one of the sisters.

“Indeed they are,” she replied earnestly ; “and I can do so little for them. It is the sorest trial of our poverty, that it takes away the power of relieving the distressed. Oh ! they are in a far worse condition than we are, for they have not only no comfort in this life, but no hope of a better. But if I stand talking here much longer, it will be dark before I get through my visits.” And adding, more cheerfully, “The Lord will provide,” she hurried off.

But, though she had tried to speak hopefully, and though her trust in the Lord was very strong, yet her heart was heavy, and, as she slowly ascended the stairs, the tears fell fast upon her cheeks. Before she reached the front door, however, a ring of the bell startled her, and she paused to dry her eyes before she should open it. A person, whom she did not know, a plainly-dressed, respectable-looking female, inquired if Mr. Grant lived there ; and, on being told that he did, requested to see Mrs. Grant. She was shown in, and gave her name as Eliza Ford.”

“Eliza Ford !” said Mrs. Grant, on the name being repeated

to her, "I know no one of that name. What can she want with me?" Then, turning to her husband, she continued, "I wish, my dear, you would see her: I feel very unable to converse with a stranger."

Mr. Grant complied, but soon sent down a request that his wife would come up also, and she, as she rose to do so, could not refrain from saying again, "I wonder who she can be! Eliza Ford! I have surely heard the name before, but where I cannot tell."

"Why, mother," exclaimed one of the elder children, struck with a sudden thought, "was not little Sarah's name Ford, and had not she a sister Eliza?"

"To be sure! so she had: I knew the name was a familiar one, but it is so long since I have heard anything of that family, it is not strange I should have forgotten it. I must not keep her waiting in the cold parlour, however;" and she left the room, wondering how her unexpected visitor had found them, and what could be her object in calling on them.

Little Sarah, (as the children who were old enough to remember her always called her,) was a little orphan girl, who, some ten years before this time, had been in the service of a relative of Mrs. Grant. She was a feeble and delicate child, and a heavy cold which she took settled upon her lungs, and rendered her almost unable to perform any household duties. Her mistress had never been a mother, and

though kind-hearted in her way, she did not realize how ill the poor child was, nor how much she needed care and attention. She had no friends to attend to her, and no home to which she could go, and she continued to toil on, though in much pain and weakness, until Mrs. Grant, (who had frequently noticed the little pale girl,) calling there one day, saw the change in her appearance, and, on questioning her, became convinced that she was very ill. Obtaining permission of her mistress, she had her removed at once to her own home, where every possible effort was made for her recovery. But it was too late to arrest the progress of her disease; all that could be done was to render the remnant of her life comfortable, and to teach her the way to that world, where the inhabitant shall no more say "I am sick." These duties were faithfully performed, and in about two months she expired peacefully in the arms of her kind friend, leaving behind her satisfactory evidence that she "slept in Jesus." Such was the brief history of "Little Sarah." The elder children remembered her as a pale, gentle, sickly girl, who had been with them a little while, and Emma recollected sitting beside her bed, when her mother was obliged to leave it, and could recall distinctly the night on which she died. But of the rest of the family, a grandmother, aunt, and several sisters, Mrs. Grant had known little or nothing, and the visit of the sister produced no small surprise.

After the first words of greeting had passed between them, however, Eliza soon introduced the errand on which she had come, and after speaking of her sister, and of the gratitude she felt for the kindness which Mr. and Mrs. Grant had shown to Sarah, with some embarrassment, begged them to accept a bank-note which she offered. "I know it is very little," she said, "in comparison with all you did for Sarah, and all the trouble you had, but it will show you that I have always remembered your kindness, and I hope you will accept of it."

The sum, though to many it would have seemed a small one, was large in consideration of the means of her who offered it, and to Mr. and Mrs. Grant, under their present difficulties, was of great consequence. But much as they needed it, they felt unwilling to accept Eliza's earnings, and they assured her that all they had done for Sarah had been performed freely, without any thought of return, and that though gratified to find that she remembered them, they must decline taking her money. But the grateful girl would not be refused:—"I have been trying to find you for years," she said, "that I might make some return for your kindness, and I cannot be happy without doing so. I am not rich, to be sure, but I can well spare the money, and you must not refuse to take it. I do not suppose you want it, but I wish to give it to you."

"Indeed, Eliza," said Mrs. Grant, quite overpowered by her feelings, "we are in more need than you can suppose ;

we are not now in such circumstances as when you saw us last."

"Then," replied she, "I am still more happy in being able to offer it, and you must take it."

It was useless to say anything more. To have declined it again, would but have wounded the feelings of the kind-hearted and grateful girl; and they accepted it as sent from the Lord by her hand, to supply their immediate and pressing necessities. And when, after some conversation, Eliza left them, Mrs. Grant could not but exclaim as she turned to her husband, "Is not this indeed the fulfilment of the promise, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days?' How little we thought, when taking care of that poor child, that we should ever need help so much ourselves, or that we should meet with a reward for our labour of love so many years after, and just when we most required it."

"The Lord's promise never fails," returned Mr. Grant; "none of those who put their trust in him shall be desolate. Here is enough to provide us food for a month, and fuel too, for weeks, just when we were almost without either, and knew not where to look for them."

When Emma returned from her walk, she was surprised to find a small but cheerful fire in the parlour, and to see the bright faces gathered round it. She felt sad and dispirited,

for she had seen misery which she had no means to relieve, and she grieved over her inability to supply the wants of those she had been visiting. And then the thought of their own situation made her heart very sorrowful, and she entered, looking sad enough.

But her countenance brightened too, when she heard how the Lord had again supplied their wants in so wonderful a manner, and how the bread cast upon the waters—the kindness done to the orphan girl—had been returned after many days. That evening was a happy one to the family, which in the morning had felt so sad ; and the hymn they sang at worship expressed exactly the feelings of their hearts :—

In each event of life, how clear
Thy guiding hand I see ;
Each blessing to my heart more dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.

When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see,
My stedfast heart shall know no fear ;—
That heart will rest on thee.

We see, in this instance, how the Lord fulfilled his promise, and how he supplied the wants of those who put their trust in him. It was not by accident. It did not happen by chance

that Eliza, after looking for this family so long, and making so many inquiries for them, should find them on this day, when they so much needed the help she brought them. He who sent the ravens to feed his prophet in the desert, sent her also to relieve the necessities of his servants then, and made the gift a source of happiness, both to her who bestowed, and to those who received the relief.

God is always mindful of his covenant. No kind action that we perform in faith and love, however secretly, shall be lost; for our "Father, who seeth in secret, will reward us openly." A kindness done to one of his people, from love to him, He looks upon as done to himself, and in his own good time, He will repay it. Perhaps it will not be in this world; but, if never before, "when the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him; when before him shall be gathered all nations, and he shall separate them one from another as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or

thirsty, and gave thee drink ? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in ? or naked, and clothed thee ? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee ? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, *Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.*"

Thus, you observe, Christ promises that at that terrible day, that great last day, when he shall come to judge the quick and the dead, he will remember the kindness shown to his disciples for his sake ; and oh ! if we have never received any reward on earth, how will his words, "Come, ye blessed," repay, and more than repay, all that we have done for him or his people. Let us not err,—we cannot purchase heaven by our own good works ; it will not be because we have relieved the poor, visited the sick, or clothed the needy, that Christ will say to us, "Come, ye blessed." All these it is our duty to do, but all these, and more, will not save us, for if it would, Christ would not have died. You can be saved only through faith in him ; only by believing with all your heart on the Lord Jesus Christ.

But when you believe that he has died for you, when you know how much he has done and suffered, that you might "inherit the kingdom prepared for you," then surely, you will love him, and will want to do all you can to please him. And you will find, in reading your Bible, that to please him,

you must "walk even as he walked," for "Christ also suffered for us, *leaving us an example that we should follow his steps*," and his command to his disciples is now, as when he was on earth, "Follow me." And the records of his life show us, that he went about doing good, and if we love him, we shall for his sake try to do so too.

N. Y. E.

THE REGALIA ;

OR,

CROWN JEWELS OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

WE hope our reader is in a lively mood, for we have a sparkling subject before us. We are going to describe the Regalia.

The regalia, or crown jewels, of a country, are the ornaments, adorned with precious stones, which are worn by the monarch on being crowned, and on high state occasions. They are always of great value.

We are about to speak of the crown jewels of England and Scotland, for we have seen them both. The one and the other are exceedingly curious, and well worth a particular description. England and Scotland were formerly two kingdoms, but they are now united, and make one nation.

The crown jewels of England are kept in the Tower of

London, and those of Scotland in the Castle of Edinburgh. The tower is a strong fortress in the capital of England, and the castle is a strong fortress in the capital of Scotland. Riches require safe places to keep them in. A poor man sleeps well, but make him rich, give him jewels, and he will lie awake all night through fear of a robber coming to steal them.

They say that the whole of the crown jewels of England are worth more than two millions of money. Every one who goes to see them is locked fast in the room where they are, and then there is a strong iron railing to keep them secure. This is very necessary, and we will tell you why.

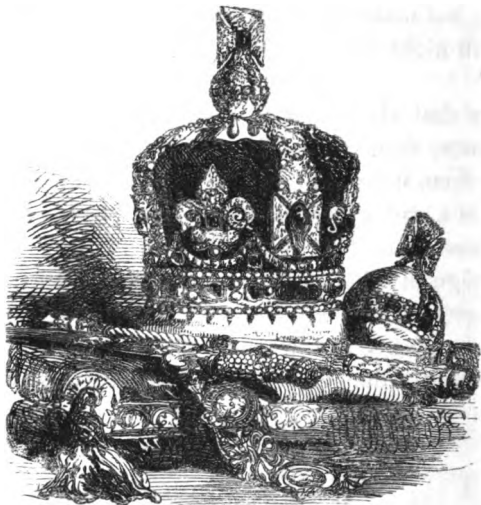
In the reign of Charles the second, colonel Blood made an attempt to steal the crown, and very nearly succeeded. At a later date, a poor crazy woman attempted the same thing. There is very little danger of any one stealing the crown now.

With glittering light,
Like many-colour'd stars,
It sparkles bright
Beyond the iron bars.

The Regalia consist of the following pieces :—

The Ancient Imperial Crown, made for Charles the second, with its arches, flowers and fillets, adorned with many-coloured jewels, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and pearls—*The Prince of Wales's Crown* of plain gold—*The Ancient Queen's*

Crown set with diamonds, pearls and jewels of great value, with its cap of purple velvet, faced with ermine, and *The Queen's Diadem*, or circlet of gold, adorned with large dia-



monds curiously set, and banded with a string of pearls; said to have cost more than a hundred thousand pounds—altogether form a rich collection.

The Staff of St. Edward, of pure gold, is four feet seven inches long, and about three quarters of an inch thick, with an

orb and a cross on the top of it. You would not readily find such a staff out of the Tower of London.

Though there is but one staff among the regalia, there are no less than five sceptres. *The Royal Sceptre with the Cross*, ornamented with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, with golden leaves bearing the rose, thistle and shamrock. *The Royal Sceptre with the Dove*, richly adorned with jewels. *The Queen's Sceptre with the Cross*, of most exquisite workmanship. *The Queen's Ivory Sceptre* mounted in gold, with a dove of white onyx, and *The Ancient Sceptre*, discovered behind the wainscoting of the old jewel office, finely wrought and richly decorated.

The Orb, which is placed in the hand of the sovereign, in the course of the coronation ceremony, is about six inches in diameter. It is edged with pearls, ornamented with jewels, and surrounded with roses of diamonds. *The Queen's Orb* is a little smaller.

The Swords of Justice, ecclesiastical and temporal, are of steel, ornamented with gold; and *The Sword of Mercy* resembles them, only it has no point. Remember this, that the sword of justice

Is temper'd well,
And strong, and sharp withal;
But mercy's weapon
Has no point at all.

The Coronation Bracelets and *The Royal Spurs* are both of

gold, the former chased with the rose, the fleur-de-lis and harp edged with pearls, and the latter very curiously wrought. You would not soon be satisfied in looking at these things.

The Golden Salt-cellar of State, set with jewels, and adorned with grotesque figures, attracts much attention. It is placed on the table at coronation banquets, along with twelve smaller ones.

The Ampulla, or Eagle of Gold, is a vessel which contains the oil with which the archbishop anoints the head of the new monarch. A wild story once went abroad declaring that the Virgin Mary had given the golden eagle to Thomas à Becket, with oil enough in it to anoint all future pious kings.

They told the common people this
On purpose to deceive them :
Such tales of old were freely told,
Now, no one will believe them.

The Anointing Spoon, the large Wine Fountain, the Baptismal Font, the Sacramental Plate, and the Tankards, Banqueting Dishes and Spoons altogether form a rich display, so that you would not begrudge the sixpence which is charged to inspect them.

Up, above all the curious and costly things we have mentioned, is displayed queen Victoria's *New State Crown*, with the heart-formed ruby, said to have been worn by Edward

the Black Prince, five hundred years ago, blazing in the front of it. The purple velvet cap of the crown is enclosed by silver hoops covered with diamonds, and these hoops are surmounted by a ball, bearing a cross of brilliants in the centre of which shines a beautiful sapphire.

Such are the regalia of our country; such are the crown jewels of England! Long may the crown be worn and the sceptre be wielded by one who fears the Lord, and rejoices in the welfare of the people! In the regalia at the Tower,

The richest jewels of the mine
Our wondering eyes behold;
But mercy, love, and truth outshine
Them all, a thousand-fold.

Let us now speak of the crown jewels of Scotland, kept in the strong castle of Edinburgh, which stands on a high rock, nearly four hundred feet above the level of the sea. We have visited the castle and the crown room where the regalia are kept, and looked out of the window from which Mary queen of Scotland let down her infant son, afterwards king James the first of England, in a basket, with a long, thin rope.

A strange thing took place about two hundred years ago, with regard to the principal part of the Scottish jewels. These jewels, through fear of their falling into the hands of the English republican army, were entrusted to the care of James Granger, minister of Kinneff, who buried them in a hole

which he dug just before his pulpit, raising up the pavement stone for that purpose. Here they lay safe for many years, till Charles the second of England was firmly seated on the throne.

The Regalia of Scotland are not equal to those of England; they consist chiefly of *The Crown*, *The Sceptre*, and *The Sword of State*, together with a *Silver Rod*, or *Mace*, once the badge of the Lord Treasurer of Scotland. These are kept in the crown room, which is fitted up for the purpose, and the yeomen keepers, in their uniform, the dress of the body guards of the ancient kings of Scotland, have a very imposing appearance. They are much like the "Beef-eaters," as the yeomen of the guard are called, who conduct visitors through the Tower of London.

In scarlet and black
These yeomen are drest,
With a guid braid back
And a guid wide breast.

The crown, supposed to be that worn by David the second of Scotland, son of Robert the Bruce, whose coronation took place in 1329, is very elegant. The lower part consists of two circles of the purest gold, topped with large pearls. The under and broader circle is ornamented with twenty-two precious stones, topazes, amethysts, emeralds, rubies and jacinths, with a pearl between every precious stone. The

narrower circle is adorned with smaller diamonds and sapphires, with a range above them of crosses, *fleurs-de-lis* and knobs topped with pearls.

The tiara, or bonnet, worn under the crown in olden times, was of purple, but now of crimson velvet turned up with ermine. Four superb pearls adorn the tiara set in gold: they are fastened to the velvet and appear between the arches.

You should know that at one time inferior princes wore crowns open at the top, differing little from the coronets of the nobility. The Scottish crown was once one of this kind, but James the fifth had it altered, for he added two imperial arches to it, rising from the circle, and crossing each other, closing at the top in a mound of gold, surrounded by a cross of pearls with the letters J. R. V.

The Sceptre is a slender and elegant rod of silver, about thirty-nine inches long. Three ornamented rings divide the stalk of it, while an antique capital of embossed leaves supports small figures of the Virgin Mary, Saint Andrew, and Saint James. Under the figures are the characters J. R. V. This sceptre was made by the order of James the fifth.

The Sword of State, which was the gift of pope Julius the second, is about five feet long; it has a silver gilt, highly carved and ornamented handle and pummel: its cross is represented by two dolphins, and its scabbard is of crimson velvet covered with filigree work and silver.

Such are the crown, the sceptre, and the sword of the Regalia of Scotland. The jewels of the crown are fair to look upon,—

And poets say these bright and glittering things
Have bound the foreheads of a hundred kings.

But this is indeed taking a poet's licence, and speaking of the present crown as if it were that worn by the ancient kings of Scotland, whereas it cannot be much more than five hundred years old.

In addition to the jewels already mentioned, there are the following, which were bequeathed to George the fourth by cardinal York, the last male descendant of king James the seventh.

A Golden Collar, of the order of the Garter, originally presented by queen Elizabeth to James the sixth of Scotland.

The St. George, a badge of the order of the Garter of pure gold, richly enamelled and set with diamonds.

The St. Andrew, having on one side of it the figure of the patron saint finely cut in onyx, adorned with diamonds, and on the other the badge of the Thistle, with a secret opening, under which is placed a fine miniature of queen Ann of Denmark.

Having thus spoken freely of the Regalia both of England and Scotland, we must drop a word or two of a more serious kind.

The kings who have worn the crowns we have described are passed away, and we, in course of time, must follow them.

If kings the shroud of death must wear,
Can we do better than prepare?

Now no one can be prepared for death unless he has the hope of everlasting life through Him who died for sinners on the cross. Have you this hope? and are you looking to him for salvation?

This truth also should not be overlooked by any one, that all the children of God are princes, for they are "heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ." If then you mean to reign in heaven, you should not fail to look out for your regalia, your crown jewels.

First you must strive to secure the *Pearl of great price*, or grace of the Redeemer, made known in the gospel. Never rest satisfied till you have this safe in your possession, by believing in Jesus.

Next you must be an earnest and sincere seeker after the *Crown of Life*, that is laid up for the faithful followers of Jesus Christ. Compared with this, the crowns we have spoken of are poor indeed.

When you have the *Crown*, the *Harp* will be given you, the *Golden Harp of Praise*, whose strings will resound in heaven in unison with the triumphant anthem, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever," Rev. v. 13.

We have now told you of jewels that will sparkle for a time, and of those which will continue to shine for eternity, of crowns that will fade away, and of others which will endure for ever: try to get good from our narration. Be it yours to live in love with those around you; to look onward to heaven as your home, and with a cheerful, hopeful, prayerful spirit,

To seek, while listening to life's fitful story,
A crown of joy and everlasting glory.

G. M.

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful connexions and innocent joy,
When, bless'd with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies, with peace from on high,
I still view the chairs of my father and mother,
The seats of their children, as ranged on each hand,
And that richest of books, which excell'd every other,
The "Family Bible," that lay on the stand!

That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morning and evening could yield us delight,
And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,
For mercy by day, and safety by night.
Our hymns of thanksgiving, with harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of a family band,
Half raised us from earth to that heavenly dwelling
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand!



J. H. KNOX & CO. LONDON.

HAMPTON COURT PALACE



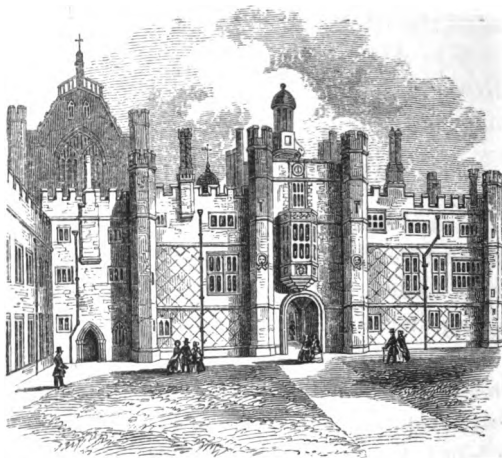
Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted ;
My hope's almost gone, and my parents no more ;
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
And wander unknown on a far distant shore.
Yet how can I doubt of a Saviour's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand !
Oh, let me with patience receive its correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand !

HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

ABOUT six hundred years ago, there stood a large castle-like building on the banks of the river Thames, twelve miles to the west of London. Its gloomy-looking turrets could be seen for a long distance over the level country, except in one direction where forest and woodland interrupted the view. In this castle resided a number of armed monks, known as the Knights-Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. Here for ages they went through their daily rounds of superstitious ceremonies : from thence they issued forth with staff in hand, as pilgrims to "the holy city," or clad in mail, as crusaders, for its recovery from the hands of the Saracens.

When two centuries had passed away, the old castle was taken down, and in its place arose the palace of cardinal Wolsey.

The meadows around were transformed into gardens and green lawns; and terraces and groves were planted where reedy marshes had lined the banks of the river. Wolsey, as is said, the son of a butcher at Ipswich, had now risen to the height of his power. He had become a cardinal,



WOLSEY'S PALACE, HAMPTON COURT.

archbishop of York, lord chancellor of England, abbot of St. Albans, bishop of Durham, and receiver of the revenues of the bishoprics of Bath, Hereford, and Worcester. His annual income and style of living were equal, if they did

not exceed, those of the king his master. He retained in daily attendance no less than eight hundred persons in his suite, among whom were heralds, chamberlains, knights, and lords. All his principal officers were allowed four horses each, with servants according to their rank, and for these chief persons were provided eight dining tables, which were covered with the rarest dainties the land could supply.

The pomp in which Wolsey lived, at length excited the envy of Henry the eighth. In order to maintain the favour of the king, the artful cardinal offered to him the new palace, beseeching his acceptance of a gift which was loyally presented. This was too tempting an offer to be refused; and the palace soon became the abode of royalty. A few years after, there was born within its walls a young prince, who succeeded his father in the throne as Edward the sixth. In one of the chambers the young prince also died. It became in succession the favourite retreat of the queens Mary and Elizabeth, and of the kings from Charles the first to George the second. When William the third came to the crown, he rebuilt the principal front (seen in our coloured engraving,) and laid out the gardens in nearly the same form as they now appear.

In its present state, Hampton Court Palace consists of three principal quadrangles, or squares. The Western Court contains several suites of apartments. The middle is called the Clock

Court. The third is the Fountain Court, built by Sir Christopher Wren, which leads to the king's grand staircase and to the state apartments.

The beauties of nature and art seen at this palace invite thousands of visitors to the spot. Its pleasant flower garden and fountains; its wilderness and maze; its orangery and fruitful vine, the latter being the largest in England; the adjoining noble park; its fine gothic hall, erected by Wolsey for his feasts and revels; its richly adorned staircases and galleries of more than one thousand paintings; its curious old tapestry and carvings, combine to make it one of the most interesting places in which a day of leisure can be passed.

During the first twelve years that Hampton Court has been opened to the public, nearly two millions of visitors, young and old, have entered those gardens freely, which Wolsey would not let "the profane vulgar approach within an arrow's flight." The state apartments are open every week-day except Friday, from ten to six in the bright seasons of the year, and from ten till four in the winter.

While a visit to this favourite scene may prove healthful to the body, and cheering to the spirits, it may not be without its lessons to the heart. Within, the portraits of successive races of kings, nobles, and warriors, who here lived and sported, remind us that "man being in honour abideth not,"

and that "all flesh is grass;" while without we see the faithfulness of God in the beauties of vegetable life, proclaiming the truth that "seed time and harvest, summer and winter," have not failed from the earth.

Almighty goodness, power Divine,
The fields and verdant meads display ;
And bless the hand which made them shine
With various charms, profusely gay.

Ye curious minds, that roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footprints of a God,
And bow before him, and adore.

C.

THE WRITTEN NAME.

"COME here, Willy, and tell me how old you are," said a kind gentleman to his little nephew, as they sat together in the library.

"Just seven years old, uncle ; but I'll show it you written down, directly." And away he ran to another room, whence he presently re-appeared with a large and handsome book, which, with many stoppages, and restings, and pantings, he succeeded in placing on the table.

"Now I can show you," he cried as he turned to the blank

L

leaves at the beginning, and soon displayed a little list of names, with dates of birth neatly written beside them.

“Ah, what is this, I wonder?” asked the uncle.

“It is papa’s great Bible, and he has put us all down in it.



See, here is my name, and this is sister’s, and here is little brother’s name too, that I saw papa write the other day.”

“Indeed! and why did he write them all here, I wonder?”

“I asked him why, and he said it was the best book he

had, and would be taken care of when other books might be lost, or given away."

"Then it is intended to tell, as long as it lasts, what your name is, when you were born, and whose child you are?"

"Yes, uncle, here is the day I was born, and the year."

"And I see you have lived seven years in this world already. Seven years you have been one of your dear papa's family; and do you know, you are so much like him that I should know whose little boy you are, without asking your name, or looking in this great Bible. I suppose you are pleased to be thought like papa."

"Oh yes, very much."

"And why?"

"Because he is my own good papa, and I love him very much."

"That is quite right, but now tell me how long it is since you were born into the family of your other Father,—your Father to whom you often say, 'Our Father, which art in heaven.'"

Willy was puzzled, and looked inquiringly for some explanation.

"Who is that Father, Willy?"

"God is our Father in heaven."

"But when you were born into this world, you came with a sinful heart, and so you could not be God's child, until you got a new heart, and were changed as much as if you became

a little infant again like your little baby brother. Now I want you to let me see where that happy time is written beside your name."

"I don't know where that is, uncle. I cannot tell how to show you."

"The Bible tells us that God has an account of all his dear children, and he knows the time when they are changed from being children of the devil and sin, into his own happy and holy family. He says to each of them, 'I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine,' (Isaiah xliii. 1;) and he has a long, long list of them all, from righteous Abel down to the last that he calls for his own, out of this evil world. And then, when all are ready, and the beautiful city of which you may read at the end of the New Testament is prepared, only those whose names are written in the Lamb's book of life will enter into it. Now can you show me whether your name is written in God's book of life? You showed me your name just now in your papa's writing."

"Yes, so I did, but then I can see and read that; but how can I see God's writing?—it must be in heaven."

"Can you not let other people see it?"

"No; I am sure I do not know how."

"Then I will tell you. When it pleases God to choose any one to serve and love him, he puts a mark upon that person, which should never be hid. He tells us by one of his apostles,

that his children should be 'living epistles, known and read of all men.' An epistle is a letter, a writing, intended to convey some meaning to the reader of it.

"Now it is by the power of the Holy Spirit, putting new and good thoughts and feelings into our bad hearts, that we are made God's children, and when this is done, God's mark is soon to be seen. It shows itself in tempers, and words, and actions. Suppose a child, angry and passionate and selfish, disobedient to his parents, unkind to his companions, and behaving as if he thinks himself the most important person in the world—can I see anything of God's good Spirit in such a child?"

"No, uncle, he belongs to the wicked family still."

"Yes, he has Satan's black mark upon him, and it is frightful enough. But suppose another child, gentle and kind, conquering his temper, checking naughty feelings and words, ready to give up his own way to please others, obedient and truthful, loving God's book, and trying to keep his commandments; that child's conduct assures me that his name is written in the book of life. I see God's mark of goodness and beauty upon him, and trace the work of God's Spirit in him. Do you know now what I mean?"

"Yes, uncle, I think I do."

"Then if I stay with you a little while I shall see God's writing upon you, I hope. When your dear papa wrote your name in this good book on earth, I think he prayed that it

might be found in the book of life in heaven, and that in God's good time he would cause you to be born into the number of those who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and are washed from their sins in his blood, and who then show in their lives 'whose they are, and whom they serve.' You cannot do this of yourself, but you can ask God to do it for you; and he loves to be asked to make people holy, and is always waiting to be gracious. Shall I tell you a little story?"

"Oh! yes, if you please."

"I was once on a pleasant journey in the country with some friends: we had a large carriage, and nice horses, and when we came to a hill, we used to get out and walk, that the horses might not have such a load to draw. You know the Bible teaches us to be merciful. Well, we were walking along a pretty winding road, shaded by beautiful trees, when we heard sounds of sheep bleating, not as if they were skipping merrily at play, but as if in distress. We looked about, and saw a flock of sheep and lambs within a green pasture at some distance, but the sound did not come from them. Still we heard the pitiful cry, and quite longed to find out what caused it, and where it came from. At last, the carriage stopped at the command of a lady who was in it, who saw what was the matter, and waited until we came up to her. She pointed to a part of the road to which a sudden turn had brought us; and what do you think we saw?"

"I don't know, indeed. Was it a poor lamb in a ditch, all bruised and torn?"

"First, on the top of a wall which fenced the road we saw a fine sheep standing. It was looking down into the road, and crying piteously, as if begging for help. It walked along the wall, then back again, but found no place low enough to jump down, and still it cried. I think you would have cried too, to see its distress."

"But what could it want? You said there was a nice green pasture on the other side of the wall."

"We soon found what the sheep wanted, Willy. It had a little lamb, and by some means, the lamb had got upon the wall, and fallen over into the road. And there it stood, looking up at its mother, and quite as unable to leap up such a height as she was to come down to its help. And it kept up a little faint, sad bleating, as if begging her to help it back to the field again. You know she could not lift it, so what was to be done?"

"Why, of course, you lifted it for her. You could not pass by them," exclaimed Willy, half indignant at the delay of such an inquiry.

"A kind gentleman of our party went forward, he gently coaxed the little lamb, till it ceased to struggle against his hold,—then he raised it in his arms, and getting upon a heap of stones as close as possible to the wall where the sheep

stood watching from above, he placed it tenderly by her side, and fancied they thanked him in the changed tone of the bleating with which they both leaped down upon the soft grass, and side by side trotted off into the green pasture again."

"Ah, that was right, and now they were both safe and happy once more!"

"Willy, my dear boy, there is such a thing as a parent, a kind father we will suppose, himself in safety on the Rock of Ages, that is, trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ, looking down upon a dear child who is on the broad road to misery and ruin. He cannot return to save his child, the child cannot raise himself to that rock of safety. But a powerful and tender friend can hear the parent's cry, can lift up the fallen lamb, can cause them to rejoice together in green pastures beside still waters. That friend is Jesus. Ask him, Willy; join your prayer to your dear papa's. Seek the Friend, and you will find him, and prove to those who love you that your name is in the list of God's family, that you are in the safe fold of the good Shepherd."

G.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

GROUP after group are gathering, such as press'd
Once to their Saviour's arms, and gently laid
Their youthful heads upon his shielding breast,
Though sterner souls the fond approach forbade.—
Group after group glide on with noiseless tread,
And round Jehovah's sacred altar meet,
Where holy thoughts in infant hearts are bred,
And holy words their ruby lips repeat,
Oft with a chasten'd glance in modulation sweet.
Yet some there are, upon whose childish brows
Wan poverty hath done the work of care ;—
Look up, ye sad ones !—'tis your Father's house,
Beneath whose consecrated dome you are ;
More gorgeous robes ye see and trappings rare,
And watch the gaudier forms that gaily move,
And deem perchance, mistaken as you are,
The "coat of many colours" proves his love,
Whose sign is in the heart, and whose reward above.
And ye, bless'd labourers in this humble sphere,
To deeds of saint-like charity inclined,
Who, from your rooms of meditation dear,
Come forth to gird the weak, untutor'd mind,—
Ye ask no payment, save one smile refined
Of grateful love,—one tear of contrite pain,—
Meekly ye forfeit to your mission kind
The rest of earthly sabbaths,—be your gain,
A sabbath without end, mid yon celestial plain.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.



THE TWO CHRISTMAS DAYS.

It was Christmas day. A thick clammy mist was falling in the city of London, and when the lamp-lighter went his rounds, he had the street almost entirely to himself. To be sure, it was not at any time a very crowded street—that in which Mr. Welton lived. It was a little out of the ordinary thoroughfare, and it had no shops; but on this Christmas day—or evening rather—it looked quite desolate.

Everybody was busy indoors, perhaps. Everybody at No. 12 was. Christmas days were pleasant days at Mr. Welton's; and he lived at No. 12. There were the Christmas holidays

just beginning; that was one thing, and a great thing with the boys and girls; and there was a Christmas dinner to eat, and a family gathering round the Christmas fire afterwards. There is no need, however, to mention all these things, which are supposed to belong to Christmas days. The Weltons had their weaknesses, as well as other folks; and the enjoyment of a pleasant Christmas—was that a weakness?

There was a street near that in which Mr. Welton lived, where there was more misery than mirth. The houses were mean, and old, and mostly shattered and ill-conditioned; and the people who lived in them were very poor. The landlord of the Three Crowns—the corner house—was said to be a rich man; and he owned most of the property on his side of the street. It was said that it answered his purpose to keep the houses unrepared, and that if he had obtained a different class of tenants the Three Crowns would have had less custom. And perhaps this was true.

Down this street, an hour or two after the lamp-lighter had finished his rounds for the evening, Mr. Welton and his son George, well wrapped up from the cold mist, might have been seen walking rapidly, till they stopped at one of the most miserable of the houses, and ascended the broken staircase till they reached the second landing.

“ Alice! Alice! what are you doing there? Who are you speaking to, Alice? what do they want? what are they come

here for? I cannot see anybody: tell them so, Alice, and shut the door. Come in, I say, Alice!"

"I will come directly, dear Henry; I am coming," replied the young woman who was thus addressed; and re-entering the poverty stricken apartment, she spoke softly in the ear of her husband—"It is the doctor, Henry; he is come to see you again."

"I cannot see him. You know we cannot pay him—what does he come for?"

"Come in with me, and shut the door quietly," said Mr. Welton to his son; and by the feeble glimmer of a rush-light, George saw on a wretched bed, scantily supplied with covering, a sickly young man, leaning forward, and glancing uneasily towards his father and himself. The young wife who had admitted them had plainly been weeping. All around looked sad. There was no fire in the grate; and no furniture in the room, except the bed, a table, and a single chair.

While George was looking around him, his father went to the bed-side of the sick man, and spoke comforting words, till the restlessness and vexation of the afflicted one had ceased. Then, by the pale dim light, he read a few verses of a Psalm; and then he spoke again,—

"You must allow me to prescribe for you once more, Mr. Grover; let me look at your tongue, if you please: and your pulse, I must feel that."

"But," stammered the young man, "you do not know how poor we are, sir; too poor even—"

"I know all about it, my young friend; at least I can too surely guess. Do you not know that this is Christmas day? Now do, if you please, oblige me by putting out your tongue.—Ah! I thought so," he added, after he had looked at the tongue and felt the wrist. "That will do; I will speak to Mrs. Grover." And Mr. Welton went from the bedside.

There had been a small basket in George's hand all this while, of which he was now relieved by his father. Mr. Welton took out his purse, too, George thought; but the light was too dim for him to see very clearly what his father did; nor could he hear all that he said, in quiet whispers, to the young wife. But he could hear her sobs—and he was sure they were sobs of gratitude—as he and his father descended the crazy stairs.

George Welton thought of this visit a good deal all the rest of the evening, after he and his father got back again to No. 12. And while he and his brothers and sisters were playing at forfeits, he knew that his father and mother were talking of the poor patient and his young wife, whom he had that evening visited. But after the holidays, George and his brothers returned to school; and the remembrance of the scene he had witnessed faded from his memory.

Twenty years passed away—but this is George Welton's story : let him tell it himself :—

Broken in health, and cast down in spirit, I landed at Bristol, after an absence from England of fifteen years. It was a gloomy day in September, and I felt none of that thrilling delight which a returned wanderer may be supposed to feel as he draws near to his early home.

But I had no home in England, none to welcome me. One of a numerous family of emigrants, I had left England poor ; and fifteen years of struggling in a distant colony had not enriched me. In that time, a father, a sister, and two brothers had died : those who remained of our band were scattered far and wide in the western world, and long-continued sickness had brought me low.

“ If you do not return for a time to your native land,” my surgeon had said, “ your life will soon be at an end.” I believed him, and made such preparations as I was able for the voyage. :

So I landed at Bristol, sick at heart. I had just enough strength to land on the wharf, and seek an inn. As soon as this was done, I sought my room, and, after hours of weary tossing, fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamed of my boyhood's home and its old familiar faces, to awake in tears.

My object in returning to England was, first and mainly, to save life, if it could be preserved. But it was needful, in seeking my lost health, to obtain the means of living.

I had been brought up to mercantile life, and had letters of introduction to several houses in London, where I hoped to obtain employment. I believed that my acquaintance with colonial business would weigh against my bodily infirmities, so as to procure for me, day by day, my daily bread. Much more than this I did not hope for. Two days, therefore, after quitting the ship, I was on the road to London.

My first concern was to seek the means of future subsistence, and early on the third morning after my arrival, I went forth with my letters of introduction. One by one they were delivered; and had I not been tremblingly anxious as to the result, it would have been amusing, and instructive too, to mark the varied effects they produced on the parties to whom they were addressed. Some, to whom these letters introduced me, received me kindly, and promised to assist me if it should be in their power. Others were lavish in their condemnation of my plans and expectations, and gave me advice. Others, again, gave me a welcome till they found out how poor I was, and then soon cooled into grave and formal politeness. In one thing, however, all were agreed—not one could give me, or procure for me, present employment; and day after day my hopes became smaller and weaker.

And so two or three weeks wore away, slowly and painfully. At every fresh repulse or rebuff, I felt a deadening sensation. At length I became so used to the general remark of "Very

sorry, Mr. Welton, but we have heard of nothing likely to suit you," that I ceased to expect any other address as I made my frequent, and, as I could see, unwelcome calls.

In the meantime, my health did not improve, and my small stock of money was rapidly passing away. True, a friend abroad had given me an order upon a London correspondent for a sum—to me, a considerable sum—which he had requested me to apply to my own uses ; and I had more than once called upon this same London correspondent ; but he was each time from home, and I began to have grave suspicions that, to me, he did not wish to be at home. To avoid absolute destitution, therefore, I began to exercise even more rigid care in my expenses.

I had engaged a single room as a lodging only. This was so far well that I could reduce my expenditure without being known. At first, I had reckoned that a shilling a-day might provide me with food ; and I most strictly had kept to that sum. But after the delivery of all my letters of introduction with such barren results as I have hinted at, I looked sadly at my diminishing purse, and reduced my daily allowance, first to sixpence, and, by the time I had been a month in London, to fourpence. I can smile now as I recollect the shifts I made, and can bless my heavenly Father, I trust, for those small trials of my faith and patience ; but I had not the heart to smile then.

It is very dreary, at best, to live in a perpetual crowd, and to have to thread one's way through a throng of fellow-mortals, from not one of whom a nod or a word of friendly greeting can be received : more dreary still, when sickness and languor have fastened on both body and mind : yet more desolate when poverty and crushed hopes are added to sickness and loneliness ; more saddening yet, when the mind will fall back upon scenes of happiness once enjoyed, but never to return. All this was my lot, as, day after day, with no mortal business to vary my solitary condition, I trod the dirty streets of London in November, and felt chilled to the bone by the damp, foggy, clammy air. But worse still would it have been—oh, how much worse !—if God had not been my refuge and strength, and very present help. But he was. I knew that I was being watched over by him, and that he would not lay upon me more than he would give strength to bear. In the din and noise of a great city I could, sometimes at least, hold communion with him, and could say to my soul, “ Why art thou cast down, O my soul ? and why art thou disquieted within me ? Hope thou in God : for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.”

I had little heart to seek out old family friends. If my health had been improved and my spirits lightened, and poverty had not dogged my heels so closely, I should have felt disposed to do this ; but as things were, I shrank away

from the attempt. This was foolish, I knew; and I tried to overcome the feeling.

One fine day, the first in which I had seen or felt a glimpse of sunshine since my entrance into London, I plucked up heart and courage for a walk into the suburbs. An old friend of my father lived at Chelsea, or had lived there, when we left England. I would go and see him.

Through Fleet-street, along the Strand, through St. James's-park, through the windings of Pimlico, I wandered on languidly, calling up, at every step, some remembrance of old,—until I reached the place which I sought.

Yes, I saw my father's old friend: but friendship is not always hereditary. Mr. H—— received me with indifference, then changed into a doubtful smile as if he recollected me, heard my story, and passed again into indifference. He was afraid, I verily believe, that I had called upon him as a genteel sort of beggar, but I soon set his mind at rest on that point.

I had to give the entire history of our voyage out, fifteen years ago; of our proceedings when we reached our new home; of my dear father's struggles and disappointments; of his last illness and death; what my widowed mother was doing; what my sister and my brothers died of; what the other parts of the family were doing; what I had been doing these fifteen years past; why I did not do this, that, and the other; and when I was going back again. I think if Mr. H—— had known

how, in all this questioning and cross-questioning, he opened afresh the wounds which time had but imperfectly healed, he would in common kindness have forborne.

All mortal things have an end, and this at last came to an end. But something else followed.

"Ah! I was afraid how it would be," said Mr. H——; "I told your father so. He should not have left the country, Mr. Welton. He was not cut out for roughing it,—I knew it."

"He acted with a good intention, sir," I replied. "He felt that with a large family and a profession that yielded a very scanty income, he was, at least, justified in attempting to provide better for us by leaving his native land than he could by staying at home."

Mr. H—— shook his head.

"‘The race is not always to the swift,’ I continued, ‘nor the battle to the strong.’"

"Your father was neither swift nor strong, Mr. Welton," said Mr. H——, "and he was forewarned how it would be."

"Well, sir," I replied, wearied with the subject, "I have neither inclination nor ability to contradict what you say. I called for the sake of old friendship, and——"

"And I am very glad to see you," said Mr. H——, interrupting me, and arresting a movement which I had begun to make towards my hat—"I am very glad indeed to see you."

He did not seem very glad, I thought ; but of course he was, or he would not have said so. "Very glad," he repeated ; "I had a very high esteem for your good father, very ; and I hope you will look in again before you leave town."

I had not said that I was going to leave town ; but it did not signify ; I felt faint and dispirited, and did not care to correct his mistake. "I am not sure," I said, "that I shall be able to walk so far again ;" and this was quite true ; the fatigue of the walk had almost overpowered me, weak as I was with long-continued disease, and want of proper food.

"Oh, but you can ride down ; and—and you won't go without taking——"

I had a vision of dinner floating before me, I confess ; and an invitation to stay and dine would have been but common charity, had my friend—no, my father's friend—known all. But he did not.

"——without taking a crust?"

My pride revolted against the limited hospitality ; but the pride I subdued.

"A crust, sir, I shall be thankful for," I said, "and a glass of water."

So I had a crust and a glass of water, and was thankful, I hope. Nevertheless, in days long gone by, it would not have been a crust and a glass of water for Mr. H—— in my father's house.

I reached my wretched room that day, worn and broken-hearted. I did not leave it again for six weeks. I was ill. My remaining strength departed from me; fever claimed me: I became as a little child, helpless, lost.

For six weeks I had not power to leave my room. I believed I should never leave it again but as a corpse. At first, when fever was strong upon me, and I tossed wearily upon my bed, my mind, whether wandering or collected, was oppressed with many cares; but even then, in the multitude of my thoughts within me, God's comforts delighted my soul. I thought upon him, and my troubles were laid to rest. True, my state seemed desperate; and recollections of the loving hearts from whom I was separated by countless waves and thousands of miles could not be banished; but there was ONE near me, I knew, who could do, had done, was still doing, and would yet do, more for me,—vastly more and better, than mother, sister, brother, or earthly friend:—One who was saying to me, “When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.”—“I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.” And, with such promises as these, I—yes, why should I not say it—“I behaved and quieted myself as a child that is weaned of his mother; my soul was even as a weaned child.”

My recovery, when I began to amend, was very rapid. In six weeks, as I have said, reckoning from the day that I first kept my chamber, I was well. The shadow of death had passed away from me, and I felt what, for years, I had thought never to feel again, the glow of healthy manhood.

It was Christmas day. I was in my small chamber, looking over some brief writing I had made after reaching England, and before my illness, and trying to arrange my future plans.

I had paid my medical attendant. He had dealt generously with me. I think he had had compassion on the poor invalid whom, by God's blessing, he had restored to health. My landlady, too, had refused to be paid for her extra services. She had coarse manners and a rough tongue; but her heart had been touched by my loneliness and evident poverty, and a kinder nurse than she proved, could scarcely have been found. My God in his great mercies had not forsaken me, but had caused me to be pitied; and as I thought of the past I took courage for the future.

It was a bright morning for the twenty-fifth of December,—bright even in London: and I determined, if possible, to lay aside earthly cares for that day. I had not been out since my recovery. I would rouse myself, and—the bells rang cheerily and invitingly,—I would join in the service of the house of God at some distance from the city.

I cannot exactly account for it, except that health was renewed in me,—but I felt a freshness of mind to which I had long been a stranger. It was not the promising condition of my purse, neither was it any hopeful prospects, that cheered me. As to my money, careful as I might be, unless I could get employment, I should be penniless in another month. Yet, as I stepped along the streets that morning, in the dry and bracing air, I repeated to myself, again and again, “Hope thou in God, O my soul; for I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance, and my God.”

I was returning towards my lodging after the service, and had not gone many steps on my way, when I felt my arm gently touched, and, turning round, I saw a stout, middle aged gentleman at my elbow. He did not give me time to speak first.

“Excuse my rudeness, sir;—but I think you must be—is not your name, Welton?” he asked quickly.

“Yes, sir: that is my name certainly; but—”

“And your father—it must have been your father, I think, from the very great likeness,—your father is a surgeon?”

“My father *was* a surgeon, sir. But he has been dead many years.”

“I am grieved to hear it,” replied the stranger. “Did he not live, twenty years ago, at ——?”

“Yes, he did.”

"I thought so: I knew I could not be mistaken when I caught sight of you during the service. I could not think of anything else, sir, all the time. You must come with me, sir, I am near home; you must come home with me."

"But sir," I said, "I really have not the pleasure——"

"It was twenty years ago, sir, this very day, that your father visited me when I was in very deep affliction.——"

It was my turn now to interrupt the stranger. The scene flashed into my memory, and the name:——"In —— street," I said; "and your name is Grover; and there was one whom you called Alice!"

"Yes, yes, yes; and Alice is waiting at home for me now, and Alice's children:——come, come, you *must* come;" and he put his arm within mine, and led me on.

"Yes, sir, your father saved my life,—saved us both from despair, when we had not a friend in the world. We have many friends now, sir, for we are prosperous:—but you shall see,—you shall see. Ah! you don't know, sir, how often I have inquired after your father, and could hear no tidings of him, except that he was gone abroad. But we will talk about this when we reach home." * * *

I need not write any more. My struggles for bread were ended.

G. S.



THE LOST HOUR.

“WHY, how is this, Maria; not up yet? Do you know it is nearly eight o'clock?”

“Eight o'clock! no, mamma, I did not think it was so late,” said Maria, raising her head from the pillow as her mother spoke. “Nobody came to call me.”

“And do you remain in bed every morning till some one thinks of calling you?” inquired Mrs. Sandford, stepping to the window, and opening the blind.

“No, mamma, not every day. I was awake quite early, but it seemed so cold and dark, I thought it must be too soon to get up then; and while I was thinking about it, I dropped asleep again.”

"As to the cold," said Mrs. Sandford, "an hour would have made but little difference in the temperature of this room, and I cannot imagine how you could sleep with the noise below. Mr. Jenkins came to put up the hall stove, and hammered so loudly, I thought it must arouse every one."

"Oh! I heard that," said Maria, "for I was not sound asleep, only dozing."

"Indulging yourself when you should have been up and dressed," said her mother. "But come, my dear, get up at once, I desire you; you have a great deal to do to-day, remember."

"Yes, so I have," said Maria, beginning to dress in great haste; "but I shall be ready very soon."

"And the breakfast bell will ring in a few minutes," said her mother, as she left the room, "so you must be as quick as possible."

And quick Maria *tried* to be; but never, she thought, had so many things occurred to retard her progress, as on this particular morning. Her hair was tangled, her shoe-strings in a knot, two hooks were off her dress, and had to be sewed on before it could be worn. Prayer, too, was hurried over; and when at last she went down stairs, breakfast was just over, and her father waiting for the omnibus which was to carry him to his office. Maria, taking the cup of tea already poured out for her, sat down quite alone. Everything was

cold, but that she did not mind, for the chimney clock warned her that in fifteen minutes she must be at school, or forfeit her place at the head of several classes; and her thoughts were now upon the lateness of the hour, and her own probable loss in consequence. Hastily eating a few mouthfuls, therefore, scarcely enough to satisfy the appetite of a hungry girl, and drinking at a single draught the contents of her cup, she ran up stairs for her bonnet.

But here was a new cause of delay. Her gloves were missing, and full five minutes were expended in looking for them; and on opening the hall door, she found it was beginning to snow, and was obliged to go back for her india-rubber shoes; so that by the time she had put them on, and was actually ready to start, the parlour clock struck nine. Poor Maria! never had she been so unfortunate in her life, and still a little hungry, and very much out of patience, she ran off.

And late indeed it was, when, tired and nearly out of breath, she reached Mrs. Martin's door. The lessons had commenced, and she heard the busy hum of voices as she went up stairs; while a few whispers of, "Oh! how late you are!" met her ear, as she passed to her own seat. Maria was among the most industrious of Mrs. Martin's scholars; and when she had once gained that coveted place, the head of the class, generally managed to keep her station for a long time. But now she

had lost it. That morning nap, so hard to resist, had occasioned the disaster, and dearly did she pay for the enjoyment, by her present mortification and regret. There were, besides, several girls in the school, who would be glad enough, Maria well knew, to see her in disgrace; and when she glanced at Ellen Meade and Annie Maynard, who had been trying for many days to get above her, and saw how pleased they looked, she could not help wishing she had left her pillow at the first peep of day, rather than have wasted in sleep that precious time which could not now be recalled. All through the morning she had reason to lament her sluggishness. Strive as she might, that lost hour could not be regained; and when at last her history lesson was imperfect, because she had laid it aside on the previous evening, intending to look it over the next morning before breakfast, and Mrs. Martin said she must remain after school, till she could repeat it more correctly, her vexation and sorrow were so great, that she could scarcely restrain her tears.

It was nearly four o'clock that afternoon when Maria Sandford was released from school, and went home through the snow, tired and hungry, with rather a sad account to give her mother of the uncomfortable morning she had passed.

"All done dinner, Lewis?" she inquired, as her little brother opened the door; "but I suppose so; I am so very late."

"Oh, yes, some time ago," said Lewis; "but mamma saved you a piece of pie, I believe, for we did not eat it all. What made you stay so late? were you kept in?"

"Where is mamma?" asked Maria, without answering her brother's question; "I am indeed very hungry;" and throwing her books upon the hall table, she went in search of her mother, Lewis calling to her from the door, that the pie was in the side-board, but he could not tell anything about his mother.

Mrs. Sandford was seated in the parlour, reading, when Maria entered, and, surprised at her daughter's unusually late return, at once inquired the cause.

"It was just that provoking history lesson," said Maria, half crying as she spoke. "I was kept in because I missed three times in it."

"And why did you not learn it more perfectly?" said Mrs. Sandford. "It is very seldom that you miss your lessons, I think."

"I could not last evening, mamma; at least I did not; because, you remember, just as I sat down to study, father brought in those new prints; and I stopped to look at them, and forgot how late it was, till you told me it was bed-time; and I thought this morning I would learn it before breakfast, but ——"

"But you indulged yourself with more sleep, instead of

getting up," said Mrs. Sandford, seeing she hesitated; "and besides, as I have often told you, it is impossible to study with any advantage in the parlour, when there is so much to draw off your attention. But, my dear child, are you not ready for your dinner?"

"Oh! yes, I am as hungry as can be; will you give me something to eat, mamma? Lewis said there was a pie at dinner."

"I should like you to have something more substantial first," said her mother. "Shall Ann warm you a piece of meat?"

"No, thank you, mamma, I do not care for meat now."

Mrs. Sandford opened the side-board, and produced a plate; upon which was the tempting piece of pie; but she advised Maria to make haste and eat it, and then sit down to her music. "Miss Bailey will be here in half an hour," she said, glancing at the clock, "and being so punctual herself, will expect to find you ready."

"Oh! dear, I am so tired and so hungry," said Maria, fretfully, "that I do not care if I am late, or if she does find fault."

"'Do not care' is a very foolish expression, and I am sorry that you make use of it so often," said Mrs. Sandford. "The loss will be your own, not Miss Bailey's, remember. You know you always practise an hour after dinner."

"But I could not to-day," said Maria.

"No, not to-day; that hour you have lost, or nearly so, and therefore should make all the haste you possibly can, and practise till Miss Bailey comes."

"What a plague it is to learn music!" sighed Maria, pettishly, as she sat down to eat the pie.

"And what a sad thing," replied her mother, "when children do not estimate the advantage they possess, in being able to learn."

Mrs. Sandford then went up stairs, and Maria sat thinking what a trouble it was to play over those tedious scales, and how much pleasanter it would be if there were no schools, or cross teachers, or difficult lessons; till, having finished her pie, she put away her bonnet, hung her cloak upon its accustomed peg, and then, with many an "oh, dear me!" and other expressions of weariness, opened the piano, drew out the music-stool with a jerk, and sat down to play.

Before she was at all perfect, however, in the piece she was learning, Miss Bailey arrived, and seemed very much annoyed at finding her young pupil so deficient. "Very bad, very bad indeed," she said, as Maria blundered through the first few bars; "begin again."

Maria did so, but with little more success.

"Shocking! shocking!" said Miss Bailey, pointing to the notes with the long lead-pencil which she held in her hand. "Count, one, two, three."

Maria tried again.

"Did you practise this lesson?" asked Miss Bailey.

"Not much, ma'am," said Maria; "I had not time to-day."

"You will never learn to play well unless you practise regularly and carefully," said Miss Bailey, in rather an impatient tone; for, like Maria, she too felt tired with the duties of the day. "Begin again."

Maria looked a little as if about to cry as she obeyed; for, although accustomed to the austere manner of her teacher, she did not feel exactly inclined to bear it this afternoon; and the lesson was far from being a satisfactory one, either to herself or her instructress.

"I must require you to practise one quarter of an hour longer," said Miss Bailey, taking out her watch, just as Maria thought her troubles were over, "because you have neglected doing so, and have given me a very bad lesson to-day."

Poor Maria sighed, but she commenced again as directed, and part of the tiresome fifteen minutes had passed, when Lewis came running in, exclaiming, "Oh! do come, Maria! here is a man with a real live elephant. Do not you want to see him?"

"An elephant!" said Maria, ceasing to play.

"Shut the door, Lewis," said Miss Bailey; "you disturb your sister."

"Come as quick as you can; they have stopped in the

street just opposite, and there is a great crowd round him," said Lewis, closing the door.

"Go on," said Miss Bailey.

Maria obeyed, but now she blundered worse than ever. The man and the elephant might be gone in a few minutes; and a "real live elephant," as Lewis called it, she had never seen. She forgot entirely what she was doing; made all manner of mistakes; and Miss Bailey, who did not care for such things, and was sometimes a little unreasonable, found a great deal of fault, and said she ought not to suffer such a foolish boy as Lewis to draw off her attention. At length, however, to her unspeakable relief, the lesson was done, and Miss Bailey rose to go. Maria slipped away from the piano, and ran to the hall-door, but it was too late; the huge animal was slowly moving down the street with his keeper, and Lewis came back to say how sorry he was she had missed the sight.

"I do think it is *too* bad," said Maria, sadly retracing her steps through the hall, her eyes filled with tears which disappointment and vexation had occasioned; "quite too bad; and Miss Bailey is the most hard-hearted, disagreeable person I ever knew."

"So she is," said Lewis, who was his sister's comforter upon all occasions. "*I* don't like her at all, either."

"It was so cross, not to let me go when you first called

me," continued Maria. "I should have seen the elephant, then."

"Never mind," said Lewis, coaxingly, "father will take us to the menagerie, I dare say, and that will be better a great deal."

"But I wanted to see it now," said Maria, unable to conquer her regret; "and Miss Bailey *might* have let me go."

"So she might, the cross thing!" echoed Lewis:

"I have had nothing but trouble all day," said Maria, drawing her chair to the parlour fire, which her brother stirred till a bright and cheerful light was diffused through the room; "nothing but one vexatious thing after another."

"A day of misfortunes, Maria," said Mrs. Sandford, who just at that moment came in; "and pray what have they been?"

"Oh! all sorts of misfortunes, mamma; first, I lost my breakfast."

"That was a serious loss, indeed," said her mother.

"And then I was late at school, and lost my place in two classes, and ever so many good marks besides."

"Very unfortunate, certainly," said Mrs. Sandford. "And what else?"

"Why, then, mamma, some of the girls were glad to find they could get above me, and that made me feel very angry, because I thought it was very unkind in them, particularly Ellen Meade, who has always been a friend of mine. Then

I missed my history, and my governess said I must stay and learn it : and that was another mortification."

"Indeed, I think so," said her mother.

"When I came home," continued Maria, "it was so late, that I lost my dinner, and had no time to practise ; and Miss Bailey was vexed, and made me play fifteen minutes over the hour, when my fingers were stiff and tired : but I would not have minded that so much, only she would not let me go to the door with Lewis, to see an elephant."

"Just think, mother," interposed Lewis, "a real live elephant !"

"And I had never seen one in my life," added Maria. "But Miss Bailey told me to 'go on ;' and when at last I did get to the door, the keeper was leading the elephant away, down the street, and I only had a glimpse of his scarlet covering."

"Your day has been rather an unfortunate one, indeed," said Mrs. Sandford ; "and now it seems that, added to your other losses, you have lost your patience and temper also. Is it not so ?"

"I am sure there has been enough to make me lose them," said Maria.

"There is yet another loss which I think you have forgotten to mention," said her mother.

"Perhaps I have," said she, with a sigh, "I have been so very unfortunate to-day."

"It was the first you met with."

"The first! Ah! you mean the hooks off my dress, mamma."

"No, I did not hear you had lost them; but that to which I allude is of more consequence than anything you have mentioned, because it can never be restored to you: your first loss this morning, was the hour you spent in bed, when you should have been up and dressed, and ready to begin your tasks; and what is more, my dear girl, this first loss has occasioned all the others."

"All the others, mamma?" asked Maria. "How can that be?"

"I will tell you," replied Mrs. Sandford. "If you had risen an hour earlier, you would not have lost your breakfast, or been late at school; you would have had time to study your history lesson, and consequently would not have lost either your place in the classes, or your good marks, nor would you have been kept in. Then, of course, you could easily have reached home in time for dinner, had leisure to practise your music, pleased Miss Bailey, and finished with her in time to see the elephant; so you find the loss of that *one hour* has occasioned all your misfortunes to-day."

"I suppose you are right, mamma," said Maria, half smiling, half sighing; "but one thing is certain; I shall never take another extra hour in bed, if I am to pay for it by having

so many troubles. I shall not forget this day very soon ; for every morning I shall be reminded of it, by seeing Annie Maynard in my place at school."

"And I suppose you will not lie in bed so long again," said Lewis, "will you?"

"No," said Maria, recovering her usual good-humoured smile ; "to-morrow morning I shall be up with the sun."

"I hope so," said Mrs. Sandford, "since the sun himself does not rise very early at this season of the year. There is nothing like securing the first hours of the day for any purpose, for then our powers, both of body and mind, are fresh and vigorous; and somebody has wisely said, 'If we lose an hour in the morning, we may look for it the whole day, but never find it.' Then, too, remember, time is required for quiet, thoughtful prayer, and for reading the word of God. If these are slighted or omitted, you can expect no blessing on the day."



ENGLAND'S OAK.

LET India boast its spicy trees,
Whose fruit and gorgeous bloom
Give to each faint and languid breeze
Its rich and rare perfume.
Let Portugal and haughty Spain
Display their orange groves ;
And France exult her vines to train
Around her trim alcoves.

Old England has a tree as strong,
As stately as them all,
As worthy of a minstrel's song
In cottage and in hall.
'Tis not the yew-tree, though it lends
Its greenness to the grave ;
Nor willow, though it fondly bends
Its branches o'er the wave ;

Nor birch, although its slender tress
Be beautifully fair,
As graceful in its loveliness
As maiden's flowing hair.
'Tis not the poplar, though its height
May from afar be seen ;
Nor beech, although its boughs be dight
With leaves of glossy green.

All these are fair, but they may fling
Their shade unsung by me ;
My favourite, and the forest's king,
The British Oak shall be.

Its stem, though rough, is stout and sound,
Its giant branches throw
Their arms in shady blessings round
O'er man and beast below ;

Its leaf, though late in spring it shares
The zephyr's gentle sigh,
As late and long in autumn wears
A deeper, richer dye :
Type of an honest English heart,
It opes not at a breath,
But having open'd, plays its part
Until it sinks in death.

Its acorns, graceful to the sight,
Are toys to childhood dear ;
Its mistletoe, with berries white,
Adds mirth to Christmas cheer.
And when we reach life's closing stage,
Worn out with care or ill,
For childhood, youth, or hoary age,
Its arms are open still.

But prouder yet its glories shine,
When, in a nobler form,
It floats upon the heaving brine,
And braves the bursting storm ;
Or when, to aid the work of love,
To some benighted clime
It bears glad tidings from above,
Of gospel truths sublime.

Oh! then, triumphant in its might,
O'er waters dim and dark,
It seems, in Heaven's approving sight,
A second glorious ARK.
On earth the forest's honour'd king!
Man's castle on the sea;
Who will, another tree may sing;
Old England's Oak for me!

BERNARD BARTON.

A SCENE IN THE WEST INDIES.

THERE are scenes in the West Indies which exhibit to the view the serene, the romantic, and the sublime. Verdant mountains, whose tops reach to the clouds, and whose sides are adorned with majestic trees; broad valleys and narrow glens, garnished with a multitude of flowers of ever varying beauty; rich plains, where the feather-like foliage of clusters of bamboo gently move by the breeze with all the grace of the plume of the ostrich; deep forests, whose boughs are festooned by innumerable climbing plants; dashing cascades, waterfalls and gliding streams,—together make up a picture not often surpassed.

The view given in our coloured engraving was taken in the



SCENE in the WEST INDIES

island of Grenada, one of the Antilles. These islands abound with many spots of similar beauty and interest. Of these the mountain streams and deep ravines afford the most picturesque, as the constant moisture, induced by the heat of the atmosphere, lends still greater vigour to the giant and luxuriant foliage and vegetation of this part of the world.

The large leaved tree on the left is the wild plantain. Above is one of the fig-tree tribe, a species of banyan, throwing out from its branches long fibres which, striking downwards, take root again upon the first soil with which they come in contact. The trees and rocks around are covered with various creeping and coloured plants, among which the bee-orchis and butterfly-orchis rank as common. Nigh to the fig-tree is seen one of the beautiful tree ferns, which is an ornament to a West Indian forest, growing to a considerable height. Their dark stem terminating in a beautiful tuft forms a natural umbrella. By the side of this is seen a group of bamboos, whose feathery boughs wave over most of these mountain streams, like giant plumes of feathers. The peaceful stream as represented in the view, is not always clear and tranquil. Heavy rains often convert these mountain rivulets into fearful torrents, which, pent up in their narrow and rocky bed, roar and foam in their downward course to the sea, carrying ruin before them. Huge rocks and trees are swept away like atoms, and frequently villages and plantations are laid

desolate in the evening, by the same stream that in the morning could have been waded by a child.

It may well be imagined that such a scene, with the addition of a cloudless sky, a glowing sun, and flocks of beautifully plumaged birds constantly flitting to and fro, will awaken the admiration of the beholder. Of such West Indian landscapes it has been truly said,—

“The breath of ocean wanders through the vales
In morning breezes, and in evening gales :
Earth from her lap perennial verdure pours,
With luscious fruit, and incense-breathing flowers ;
O'er the wild mountains and luxuriant plains,
Nature in all the pomp of beauty reigns.”

C.

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

“MAMMA,” said Elizabeth, one morning, lifting up her eyes from her book, “this geography lesson is very tiresome. I think it is too difficult for a little girl like me.”

“A little girl!” repeated Mrs. Harcourt, with a smile. “Did I not hear you the other day complaining because your uncle George spoke of you as a little girl?”

“Yes, mamma: it would have been more correct if I had

said, a girl of eleven years old. I think this lesson is too difficult for a girl of eleven years old."

"I think not, my dear; you have conquered greater difficulties by attention and perseverance."



"But, mamma, of what use can it be that I should puzzle myself with these hard names of places in South America, which I shall never see?"

"We can talk of that by-and-by," said Mrs. Harcourt.

"At present your duty is with your lesson ; and if you gain from it no other benefit than that of strengthening yourself in the habit of obedience, I, at least, shall not think that it has been learned in vain."

Elizabeth saw that further remonstrance would be useless, and therefore applied herself to her book with the diligence which, in such cases, always insures success. In half an hour she was able to repeat the difficult lesson, without hesitation or mistake. She then drew a chair to her mother's work-table. "Now, mamma," said she, as she sat down to her needle, "will you please to tell me why you wish me to learn the situation and the names of countries which are so very far away."

"Because, my dear, knowledge of this kind may be useful to you hereafter, under a variety of circumstances which we cannot now foresee. Because I do not wish you to grow up ignorant of facts with which every well-informed person is acquainted. Because I am desirous that you should be able to understand the allusions which are continually made, in books and conversation, to distant countries ; to their various climates ; their productions ; their past history ; the peculiarities of their inhabitants ; and the different manners and customs which prevail in different parts of the world. I could give you other reasons ; but these, I think, will suffice."

"Oh yes, mamma," said Elizabeth, "I see that I asked a

very silly and childish question. Besides this, I know—though I did not think of it just now, I *do* know,—that I ought not to inquire about your reasons; for you are the best judge of what it is proper that I should learn, and it is my duty to do as you bid me, without asking questions. But still, mamma, I should like to tell you what I have been thinking of, if you will give me leave.”

“Go on, my dear,” said Mrs. Harcourt.

“Well then, I cannot help wishing that I were not obliged to pay so much attention to my books and work, at least until I have become a little older. I should like to have more time for amusement. I was talking yesterday to my cousin Jane and her friend Miss Henderson, and I find that I learn many more lessons than they do, although I do not go to school. And oh! mamma, I wish so much that you would allow me to learn music. My cousin and Miss Henderson practise three hours every day.”

“Your wishes are rather inconsistent,” replied Mrs. Harcourt. “If three hours of each day are to be devoted to music, I do not well see how you can spare more time for amusement; unless, indeed, your present studies are to be given up altogether.”

“Of course, mamma, I do not wish for that. I should like to go on with some of my lessons; but there are others which cause me a deal of trouble, and yet do not signify, after all.

My cousin Jane and Miss Henderson were quite surprised to hear how many things I have to learn. Geography, and history, and biography, and French and English grammar, and chronology; and then those dull Conversations on Botany which we read together every week: how I do wish I might have some entertaining book instead! But, perhaps, mamma, you *will* let me learn music? That is my very particular wish, I assure you. And Miss Henderson says there is no time to be lost; for, to become a proficient, it is indispensable that I should begin while I am young."

Elizabeth was not inclined to stop talking; but a ring at the hall-door just then interrupted her, and in a few moments a visitor was announced. On such occasions it was usual for her to take a walk in the garden, or to amuse herself in some other way until her mother was again disengaged. But this morning Mrs. Harcourt desired her to remain.

The visitor was a lady whom Elizabeth had never seen before. She was thin and pale, with a very sorrowful expression of countenance; but when she had been a short time in the room, the peculiarity which struck Elizabeth most forcibly was her incorrect mode of speaking, and her occasional use of words, not only ungrammatical, but conveying a different meaning from that which she intended. Other mistakes too were apparent, during the conversation which she held with Mrs. Harcourt; and Elizabeth wondered at the great kindness

and cordiality with which her mother treated a person whom she felt disposed to regard with a feeling almost approaching to contempt.

When the visitor was gone, Elizabeth immediately began to speak upon the subject uppermost in her mind.

"Who is that lady, mamma? Will you please to tell me? What a pity it is that she should be so very ignorant! I should not have had patience to talk to her, I am sure."

"I am sorry, Elizabeth," said Mrs. Harcourt, in a tone of reproof—"I am sorry that you manifest so little forbearance or generosity towards the failings of another, since occasions must frequently arise when you will need the exercise of such feelings towards yourself. Mrs. Finlay is a person whom I wish you to treat with every mark of attention and respect. She is the widow of a pious and excellent man, formerly well known to your father and myself; and being now in distressed circumstances, it becomes doubly important that we should manifest our sympathy and friendship."

Elizabeth was silent. She still longed to know what her mamma had to say about Mrs. Finlay's mistakes in conversation, but she did not venture to inquire.

"In her early childhood," continued Mrs. Harcourt, after a moment's pause, "the unfortunate lady whom you have just seen was deprived of a mother's care. Her father was much

occupied in business ; and having no near relatives to concern themselves on her behalf, she was allowed to waste many valuable years in the idle amusements which an ill-instructed child would naturally prefer. She learned a few showy accomplishments ; but all solid information, requiring an effort of the mind, was disregarded. The consequences, I need not tell you, are perceptible even to a young, and not very penetrating observer, during the brief and casual intercourse of a morning visit."

Elizabeth looked intently at the work in her hand, not once raising her eyes to her mother's face. "But when the poor lady grew older, mamma, and found out how sadly she was deficient, why did she not apply to her books, and try to make up for lost time?"

"The idea of making up for lost time, so common amongst the young, is seldom realized by their subsequent experience. Every period of life has its appropriate duties and employments ; and if the business of the morning be delayed till noon, there is little probability that we shall have time or opportunity to repair the neglect. Besides, a certain degree of knowledge must be acquired, before we can become sensible of our ignorance :—do you understand this, my dear?"

"I think I do, mamma," said Elizabeth.

Her mother continued. "When poor Mrs. Finlay made this discovery, she was no longer in circumstances which

could enable her to remedy the evil. She had passed that season of life when the mind is best fitted for the acquirement of knowledge; since it is equally true of music and of things far more important, that, in most cases, where excellence is desired, we must begin while we are young. Youth is the spring-time of existence: and if we suffer it to pass by without mental cultivation and improvement, we shall generally look in vain for the fruits of knowledge and wisdom when the days of autumn come on. During our walk yesterday, we were both much interested in watching the sower while he scattered the precious grain along the furrows. If this were neglected or delayed beyond its proper season, how could we hope for harvest?"

Elizabeth put down her work, and starting from her chair, threw her arms round her mother's neck. "I am quite convinced, dear mamma," she said, hastily wiping away a few tears; "how foolish and naughty I have been to think of neglecting my studies! And oh! mamma, how happy I am that God has given me a dear, kind mother, to correct my faults and to keep me from giving way to my own indolence and folly."

Mrs. Harcourt warmly returned her daughter's affectionate embrace. "It gives me very great pleasure," she said, "to find that my beloved Elizabeth remembers the Divine hand which bestows upon us every blessing that we enjoy. Other

things have their relative importance: but this is most important of all, that you should learn to know and love your Creator and Redeemer now in the days of your youth. Seek, my dear child, for the teaching and grace of his Holy Spirit; and let this precious promise be written upon your heart: 'I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me.'"

A few days after this, Elizabeth went to spend an evening with her cousin Jane. She returned home in high spirits; and was impatient to give her mother an account of her visit. Miss Henderson also had been there; and they had as usual much lively talk, and some pleasant games of play. But the grand incident of the evening was that uncle George had closely questioned the three girls on different branches of their education, and Elizabeth had proved that she was not a negligent scholar. "Only think, mamma, that very lesson about Mexico and Guatemala, which I was so unwilling to learn, helped me to answer one of my uncle's questions, when neither Jane nor Miss Henderson could say a word!"

But Mrs. Harcourt looked grave, and did not seem to share in Elizabeth's exultation. "Are you not pleased, mamma?" inquired the latter, with surprise. "I thought you would be so very glad to find that I knew more than my companions."

"No, my love;" said Mrs. Harcourt, "since their in-

feriority does not add to your knowledge, I see no particular reason for rejoicing. You must be aware that I am acquainted with the very limited extent of your information ; and though I am pleased that you were able to answer your uncle's questions, yet I am much more grieved to perceive that you have yielded to vanity, and indulged a sinful love of display. I wish you to advance in knowledge ; but my anxiety is far greater that you should possess a lowly mind, esteeming others better than yourself."

" I hope I am not proud," said Elizabeth, with some mortification ; " but indeed, mamma, I cannot help perceiving that I know more than my cousin or Miss Henderson."

" It may be so ;" replied Mrs. Harcourt. " This, however, is no extenuation of your fault ; since the more that we learn, the more competent should we be to estimate our own deficiencies, and the less disposed to value ourselves upon the progress we may have made."

" But is it not very natural to feel pleasure when we hear ourselves praised, and when we know that we are thought wiser or better than other people?"

" It is indeed natural to the sinful heart of man to delight in everything which tends to gratify his evil passions or his pride. But these natural inclinations are the very sins against which we are continually warned in Scripture to watch and pray. Be careful to resist them, my dear

Elizabeth, looking for aid to the meek and lowly Jesus, who pities your infirmities, and has promised to hear your prayers for help."

Mrs. Harcourt took an early opportunity of renewing the conversation; endeavouring to point out the necessity of having a right motive as the spring of every action. She taught Elizabeth that knowledge was to be sought for, not with the view of outshining others, or of gaining empty praise, but as a source of improvement and pleasure to herself; of benefit to her fellow-creatures; and above all, as a means by which she might be able to serve God more extensively, and more effectually to promote his glory. Mrs. Harcourt knew that correct principles of thought and conduct, acquired in youth, afford the best security, under Divine grace, for a life of piety and usefulness; and she suffered no occasion to pass by without endeavouring to instil such principles into her daughter's mind, while she was careful that good habits also should be formed, habits of obedience, of self-denial, of kindness and charity, of attention to all the daily-recurring duties of her position and her age.

One morning, as Elizabeth and her mother were taking their usual walk, they passed through the corn-field in which, some time before, they had seen the husbandman sowing the seed. Elizabeth stooped to look at the tender blade just springing out of the ground.

"Mamma," said she, "does not this put you in mind of the parable which you explained to some of the children at the Sunday-school, the last time that we were there? The seed has fallen into good ground, I think."

"Yes," said her mother; "the young shoots do indeed seem green and healthy, and if it please God to bestow his blessing, the farmer may hope for an abundant harvest. How happy shall I be, my dear child, if I also am permitted to see the fruit of my endeavours and the answer to my prayers, by your growth in grace, and in the knowledge and love of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!"

"I hope, dear mamma," said Elizabeth, "that if I live to be a woman, I shall love God, and try to please him. Indeed, mamma, I wish to belong to the Saviour's fold."

"You must pray to him, then, for grace to seek him while you are young. You cannot begin too soon. Go to him at once, and ask him to receive you, and to write his name upon your heart."

"But I am often so vain, mamma. I have so many sinful thoughts: and sometimes they seem to put good things quite out of my mind."

"That is because you have by nature a corrupt and sinful heart; so sinful, that you cannot of yourself love God, or choose him for your friend. By nature, you love the way of evil, and take delight in sin. But the Bible tells us that God

will change this wicked heart, if we ask him for the sake of his dear Son. And that we may be led to seek for this blessing, he sends his Holy Spirit to put good desires into our minds. If you have a wish to belong to Jesus, that wish proceeds from him."

"I do try to pray sometimes, mamma," said Elizabeth, "in other words besides those that you have taught me. But I know that I am a sinful child; and I am often afraid that God is angry and will not hear me."

"When you feel this fear," replied her mother, "you should think of the merciful and gracious Saviour, who gave himself to take away your sins, and who ever liveth to make intercession for you. God will hear you for his sake, and will grant you pardon for the past, and grace for the time to come."

"Dear mamma," said Elizabeth, as they were returning home, "are you not like the sower who went forth to sow his seed? I am sure you often try to put good instruction into my mind."

"Let us both remember," said Mrs. Harcourt, "that whatever may be the teaching you receive, the Spirit of God alone can bless it to your eternal good. Though we may prepare the ground, and sow the seed, it is only he who gives the increase. May the word of truth sink deeply into your heart, and be nourished by the dew of heavenly grace, that it may

bring forth abundant fruit : ' first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear ; ' for ' so is the kingdom of God. ' "

Seven years had passed away : seven years, not wasted by Elizabeth Harcourt, but spent in the attainment of that true knowledge and happiness which will endure beyond all time. She was amiable and intelligent ; a dutiful daughter ; and, it was hoped, a sincere disciple of Christ.

The period was now arrived when she could in some degree repay the care and solicitude which had watched over her infancy and childhood. Mrs. Harcourt had long been suffering from severe indisposition, which confined her to the sofa for many months, and rendered the society and attentions of Elizabeth indispensable to her comfort.

On a bright morning in October, the mother and daughter were together in their cheerful parlour. Elizabeth sat in her favourite place by the window, the light muslin curtains softening the dazzling sunbeams, and throwing a faint shadow over the reading stand, and the open book which lay before her. The netting that was in her hand gave her employment without occupying her thoughts ; while her eyes were fixed upon the page, and her clear voice sounded like low music in the room. It *was* music to the mother's heart. Mrs. Harcourt reclined in her easy chair, listening in silence, and gazing, with affection in her looks, on Elizabeth's mild and placid

face. It was a quiet scene of home enjoyment; a glimpse of that pure and tranquil happiness which the world so little values and so rarely seeks to attain.

The volume which they had chosen possessed an equal interest for both. It was a record of missionary enterprise: and the occasional remarks which Elizabeth exchanged with her mother indirectly revealed much sound information, and a justness of thought and reasoning, which bespoke a mind well trained. But no long time elapsed before the reading was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Vernon, an old and esteemed friend, whose visits were always welcome to Elizabeth and her mother.

After the first inquiries had been made, the conversation reverted to the occurrences of the preceding evening, when Elizabeth had met, at the house of Mrs. Vernon, a venerable and eminently pious minister, whose travels in the East, and missionary labours, had excited in a high degree both her interest and respect. She had already, with much animation, related to her mother many of his anecdotes and observations; and would now gladly have remained to continue the subject, but Mrs. Vernon declared that she had called expressly for the purpose of enabling her to enjoy a morning walk, without the unpleasing reflection that her mother was again left alone. Mrs. Harcourt immediately seconded this kind proposal; and Elizabeth, not unaccustomed to self-denial, cheerfully complied.

“ My dear friend,” said Mrs. Vernon, when alone with the invalid, “ I cannot refrain from telling you how much your Elizabeth is loved and valued by us all. The good missionary last night was especially delighted with her simple and modest manners, the intelligent remarks which he occasionally elicited from her, and above all with the total absence of any attempt at display. He observed, after her departure, that we might hope to see her, through the Divine blessing, a bright and useful ornament of the Christian church.”

Mrs. Harcourt smiled through her tears as she listened to this praise of her beloved daughter. She thankfully acknowledged the goodness of God in answering her prayers; and expressed her heartfelt desire that Elizabeth might have grace to persevere in the way of holiness, feeling her own sinfulness and insufficiency, but depending upon Him whose “ strength is made perfect in weakness,” 2 Cor. xii. 9.

Meantime Elizabeth pursued her walk, amply repaid for the momentary effort she had made, by the cheering influence of the fresh autumn breeze, and the bright, enlivening sunshine. She had not proceeded far when she was met by her cousin Jane and Miss Henderson, whose early intimacy was still continued.

“ We were about calling upon you, Elizabeth,” said the former. “ I expect a party of friends on Thursday evening. It is my birthday, and if you will join us, I can promise you

much enjoyment. We shall have music, and perhaps a little dancing; but nothing which need alarm you—nothing to justify that shake of your head, and the No which I see hovering upon your lip.”

“You are very kind,” said Elizabeth, “but you know that I have not any enjoyment in gay parties: and having been out yesterday evening, I cannot think of leaving my mother again, so soon.”

A little remonstrance succeeded, but Elizabeth did not waver. Though gentle and conciliating, she was not to be moved by persuasion against a sense of duty; and, half vexed, though not surprised, that her invitation was declined, Jane hurried away with her friend, to make some purchases for the important evening, which seemed to engross all her thoughts.

Elizabeth walked quickly on in an opposite direction. She passed the church and the vicarage, sauntering more slowly under the long line of stately elms, until she came to the little school-house, overlooking the village green. It was easy to read the looks of welcome which greeted her entrance there. There needed no explanation of the teacher's cordial, yet respectful salutation; nor of the pleased and smiling faces which were seen on every side. It was plain that Elizabeth was known at the school, not only as a frequent visitor, but as a kind and an active friend.

There was needle-work to be examined, and there were

lessons to be heard, and here and there a few words of gentle reproof or of commendation, to be given. Half-an-hour passed rapidly away; but when she resumed her walk, Elizabeth felt that the time had not been misspent. Where, indeed, are there opportunities of usefulness more full of hope, and more suitable for the young, than those afforded in a school for the children of the poor?

Elizabeth now turned aside into a narrow footpath which, crossing some fields, led to a lonely cottage. Her approach was seen by the inmates, and before she could reach the neglected and desolate garden, the cottage door was opened and an elderly woman advanced to meet her. "My poor daughter is worse to-day," said she, in answer to Elizabeth's inquiry; "but pray walk in and see her, miss, for you always do her good."

The invalid was sitting by the fire, supported by pillows; and her deathlike countenance told that her end was drawing near. She looked at Elizabeth with an expression of pleasure; and in answer to her questions, spoke of her illness and sufferings with the manner of one secure of meeting the sympathy of a friend. Elizabeth replied in words of kindness and pity; but soon began to lead her to higher topics of consolation—to the promises of the gospel, to the compassion of her Saviour, to her hopes of that world where there shall be no more pain. She opened the Bible which lay beside her; and as she read,

the thoughts of the poor sick girl were drawn from her bodily affliction to the concerns of her never-dying soul. She had not now to make her peace with God. As a penitent sinner, she had been enabled to seek for mercy through the blood of Christ; and by faith in his atonement, she could say, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee." Ps. lvi. 3.

When Elizabeth quitted the humble dwelling, she was followed by the blessings and prayers of the dying girl. Less light of heart, perhaps, but not less happy, she retraced her steps across the quiet fields; and as she thought upon the shortness and uncertainty of life, and the unspeakable importance of a preparation for eternity, she offered a silent prayer that she might be led to set her affections on things above, and to lay up for herself a treasure in heaven which could never fail. She prayed to be preserved from the enticements of an evil world; and that, whatever trials should await her in the future, she might have grace to live to the glory of God her Saviour, and be found in him at last.

Reader, it is thus that the seeds of early instruction will bring forth fruit, when received into a sincere and humble heart, and accompanied by the Divine blessing,—that blessing which is withheld from none who ask it. Is there any hope that such may be their good effect in you? Are you preparing for a life of usefulness, not desiring great things for yourself, but seeking to learn and do the will of God? Be diligent in

the improvement of your present opportunities; for they never can be recalled. Life has no second spring. Endeavour, then, to lay up a good foundation for the time to come; that so when childhood and youth shall have passed away, you may be a faithful labourer in your Master's vineyard, imparting good to others, and receiving into your own soul that true peace, which begins here, and is perfected in heaven.

P. Q.



THE ROBIN REDBREAST.

Most dwellers in country places soon begin to know and love the Robin Redbreast. It has a thousand winning ways of introducing itself to our acquaintance, and is by no means shy of doing so. If the accustomed crumbs are forgotten, it

taps gently at the window to remind us of our neglect, or will even venture into the house in very cold weather, and help itself, turning towards us at the same time a half defiant, half deprecating glance. Some ignorant people consider the familiar tapping of the Robin Redbreast a sure precursor of coming evil, if not of sickness and death, and the life of the poor bird has been more than once sacrificed in the vain hope of thus averting the decrees of Providence. Generally speaking, however, few venture to destroy a Robin Redbreast, the old and well-known tradition of "The Babes in the Wood" rendering him sacred for evermore. Miller tells us that he knew a boy so much affected by this superstition as to return nearly two miles, after it was dark, with a nest of young robins which he had mistaken for larks. The bird itself appears to be perfectly fearless of harm, and will even alight upon the spade, while the earth is being turned over, and gaze at you with its bright saucy eyes, as much as to say—"Now, injure me if you have the heart!" Most countries have given it some pet name. In Sweden we are told that it is termed "TomiLidon;" in Germany, "Thomas Geircht;" in Norway, "Peter Rousmad." The country people here call it "God Almighty's Bird," as if all birds were not God's.

We have seen the old church of Burton-on-Trent described by a celebrated naturalist, where a pair of robins built their

nest in a pew, the process of incubation and feeding their young going on uninterruptedly during divine service. Jesse, in his "Gleanings," mentions another church at Dudley, in Staffordshire, to which one of these birds was wont to resort for many successive years, mingling its warbling note with the tones of the organ and the voices of the congregation, until at length it suddenly disappeared. Some time afterwards, when the organ was taken down to be cleaned, the skeleton of poor Robin was discovered in one of the pipes, upon the summit of which he so often used to sit and sing. It is by no means uncommon to see them flying over the heads of the congregation in country churches, and sometimes resting for a brief space upon the pulpit, or reading-desk, and then soaring away again through the open door or window up to the clear blue sky.

Soon after the commencement of the new year, a Robin Redbreast appeared for the first time one cold evening, and taking up his station upon the naked branches of a tree which grew nearly opposite our windows, began to sing. As it jerked out its sweet notes upon the wintry air, we thought of the poor ballad-singers far away in the streets of busy towns, and how we had often listened thus to their melancholy strains, and wondered whether they had a home to go to when the song was ended; only there was nothing melancholy in the wild cadence of the Robin Redbreast. Presently it ceased

somewhat abruptly, and disappeared, waiting not, like the unfortunate ballad-singer to whom we had compared it in our imagination, for praise or pity. We wished that it might come again, and so it did on the following evening, and every evening for many succeeding weeks, until the green leaves began to burst forth on the trees and hedges, and whisper of the returning spring.

There were many changes in our little household about this time—many trials, such as God sends in love to the hearts and homes of the children of men, in order to bring them nearer to himself. Oftentimes, when we were sorrowful, and half-desponding, the Robin's cheerful note came like a gentle rebuke—"Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them!—Oh, ye of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" When we were glad, the Robin seemed to rejoice with us, and its short liquid carol sounded like a hymn of thanksgiving. We never thought of having the shutters closed until the little Robin had come and gone. All through the dark days it sang on; once or twice only its sweet note was unheard, and we missed it as one misses the voice of a familiar friend. By-and-by, however, as the spring advanced, it ceased altogether.

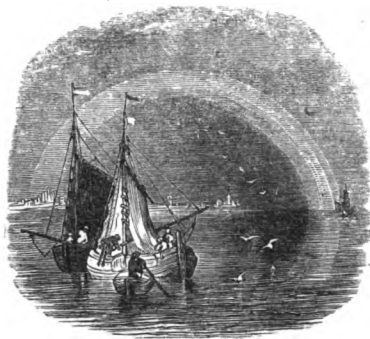
"Never mind," said one of the family, "he will be here again next winter." Next winter!—God alone knows where

we shall any of us be then ; and it is well ; let us cheerfully leave the future to Him whose love and care has watched over us through all our past lives.

He who has led us hitherto,
Will guide us all the journey through.

Many are the sweet, and yet sorrowful memories, connected in our minds with the recollection of the little Robin Redbreast.

E. C.



THE RAINBOW IN THE CLOUD.

Soft falls the mild reviving shower
From April's changeful skies,
And rain-drops bend each trembling flower.
They tinge with richer dyes.

P

Soon shall their genial influence call
A thousand buds to-day,
Which, waiting but that balmy fall,
In hidden beauty lay.

E'en now full many a blossom's bell
With fragrance fills the shade ;
And verdure clothes each grassy dell,
In brighter tints array'd.

But mark ! what arch of varied hue
From heaven to earth is bow'd ?
Haste ; ere it vanish, haste to view
The rainbow in the cloud.

How bright its glory ! there behold
The emerald's verdant rays,
The topaz blends its hue of gold
With the deep ruby's blaze.

Yet not alone to charm thy sight,
Was given that vision fair—
Gaze on that arch of colour'd light,
And read God's mercy there.

It tells us that the mighty deep,
Fast by the Eternal chain'd,
No more o'er earth's domain shall sweep
Awful and unrestrain'd.

It tells that seasons, heat and cold,
Fix'd by his sovereign will,
Shall in their course bid man behold
Seed-time and harvest still.

That still the flower shall deck the field
When vernal zephyrs blow ;
That still the vine its fruit shall yield
When autumn sunbeams glow.

Then child of that fair earth, which yet
Smiles with each charm endow'd,
Bless then His name, whose mercy set
The rainbow in the cloud.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE PINK DAISY.

ELLEN was sitting diligently writing her exercise, when she was interrupted by her sister, who had just come in from the green lanes, with a little basket full of wild flowers, which she was now putting together as a nosegay. "Oh! Ellen, do look here," said Kate; "do look at this pink daisy! I never saw one before of so deep a red. Do just look at it, Ellen!"

Ellen was very busy, and did not wish to be disturbed. She looked up, rather indifferently, at the flower, and said, "Well really, there is nothing particular about the daisy: what is there in a common daisy, that you should be so delighted with it?"

"Oh! Ellen," said Kate, "it is not at all a common daisy.

I saw some cottage children gathering wild flowers in the green lanes, outside our garden, and they gave me some of the prettiest. See, this daisy they gave me is quite of a deep



crimson, and common daisies are white. Besides, you ought not to think that a thing is not worth looking at, because it is common."

"Well, Kate," said Ellen, good-temperedly, "you are quite right; we ought not to despise anything because it is

common. Only go away just now, because I want to finish my writing."

Their mother, who was in the room, called Kate to her, and giving her a magnifying glass, told her to amuse herself quietly while Ellen was engaged. Ellen had soon finished her work, and the two little girls sat down at the table together to look at the daisy through the glass. They were very much surprised to find that all those little yellow pieces in the middle of the daisy, which seemed only like little dots, were really beautifully formed. They pulled them out, one by one, and saw that each was a complete little flower, shaped like a tulip.

"Well," said Ellen, "I am sure I did not think that a daisy was so wonderful as this. Really, we ought not to despise things because they are common."

"No, Ellen," said her mother, "though this is often done, not only by children, but by grown persons. It is a good thing to know how to value rightly common and simple things. It is a good thing to value the flowers which grow wild in the meadows, just as well as the flowers in a hothouse, to see and enjoy the beauty of a green leaf, though leaves are among the commonest things in the world. If we have not any money to spare, still we can enjoy way-side flowers, because they cost us nothing. I hope as you grow up that you will learn to prize highly the cheap and simple pleasures of life.

I often think how good God has been to us, in making some of the commonest things the most beautiful and most delightful. The moon and the stars; the little streams, which look like silver, and glide through the rushes; the red and pearly streaks of the sky at sunset, and the soft roundness of the clouds; the many colours and the sweet odours of the flowers; the brilliant tints of the birds and insects; and the sweet notes which we hear among the trees, if we only pay attention to them, will yield us great delight: and it is foolish to pass by all these things with indifference, and not receive the pleasure from them which God intended them to afford to man, while they teach us of his love.

“But besides these pleasures of life, some of the most important blessings which we enjoy are among the most common things. When we are in health, we perhaps may go on thoughtlessly, as if health were so common as not to deserve one thankful emotion. But if we have head-ache, or tooth-ache, or if we become feverish or languid, and unable to walk or rise from our beds, then we find out how great is the blessing of health. The fresh air

Which, like the daisy, goes to every field,

and the sunshine, are common mercies; but if you were shut up in a close room, or working in a crowded factory, or, like many little children, in a dark mine where the sun never

shines, you would long for the sun and air which you have now. Food is with you a common thing, and you take it as a thing of course; but if you were to read of the little half-starved Esquimaux children, who used to stand and watch Captain Back, while he dined, looking so eagerly at every mouthful, that the kind-hearted Englishman could not help sharing his meal with them, you would think how great a blessing food really is. I do not want to fill your hearts with sorrowful thoughts, but I wish you to feel deeply and kindly for others, and to learn a lesson of thankfulness for your own common mercies, as you hear of their sufferings. Think then of the poor little children in Ireland, sitting in their desolate cabins, with pale faces, and saying, 'Mother, mother, give me a bit of bread, or wrap something about me, for hunger makes me cold.' Their poor mother replies, 'My little darlings, I have no food for you,' and tells them to try and sleep, and forget their hunger, and lays them down close together, to keep them as warm as she can. The dark night comes, and the mother passes her hand over the cold cheeks of her little ones. She listens for their breath, but she cannot hear it, for her loved children have died of hunger. The food which you value so little, which you think so common, is a blessing not possessed by thousands.

"Then again the greater number of the duties of life consist in doing common things.* You go through a regular round of

duties which God has appointed to your condition. Not one of these seems of very great importance by itself, yet all taken together make the business of your lot; and the humblest life, and the one most made up of common duties, is often among the most useful of lives on earth. It is the motive by which we do these common things, and the manner of doing them, which makes us either a blessing or a hindrance to others; and if we all did them rightly the world would be much happier than it is, for much of the sorrow of life is caused by the neglect of every-day duties, or by the habit of doing them in a wrong spirit. So it is with common acts of kindness. The kind words and manners which you practise every day at home, make up the amount of family happiness; and we never know how valuable these are unless we are placed in a circle where they are wanting, and where people are careless of the feelings and pleasures of others, and omit those common acts of courtesy and forbearance which all ought to practise. I have known many people who ought to be quite happy, made quite miserable, because they undervalued common things. Their time seemed to pass quite heavily, because no particular event occurred to excite them. Their pursuits and their condition in life seemed to themselves very lowly compared to what they would like them to be; and because God had not made them to be of great importance in the world, they felt discontented with life, and were forgetful

of common duties and common blessings. I hope you will not despise these, and ever remember that 'God who resisteth the proud, giveth grace to the humble.'"

A. P.



THE LOST GUINEA.

THE story of the golden guinea, as related to me by Judge N., a gentleman of wealth and influence in western New York, conveys an admirable lesson to young persons commencing life.

“ When I was only eight years old,” says Judge N., “ my father and my mother being poor, with half a dozen children besides myself to take care of, I was sent to a farmer in a neighbouring village, who designed making a ploughboy of me, and keeping me in his service until I was of age.

“ Well, I had not a very gay time in farmer Webb’s service ; for although he was a tolerably kind man in his family, he was an advocate for making boys work, and understood how to avoid spoiling them by indulgence. So I had plenty of work to do, and an abundant lack of indulgences to endure. It was consequently a great treat for me to get the great sum of one or two pennies into my possession,—a circumstance of such rare occurrence, that, at the age of eleven, I had learned to regard money as a blessing bestowed by Providence only on a favoured few. I had lived with farmer Webb three years before I knew the colour of any coin except copper and silver. By an accident I learned the colour of gold.—That is the story I am going to tell you.

“ One Saturday night, Mr. Webb sent me to the village store, on some errand ; and on returning home, just about dusk, my attention was attracted by a little brown package, lying on the road side. I picked it up to examine its contents, without the least suspicion of the treasure within. It was light, and incased in a quantity of brown paper. I tore open the folds of the paper ; and discerning nothing, I was on the point

of throwing it into the ditch, when something dropped out of it, and fell with a ringing sound upon a stone.

“ I looked at it in astonishment. It was yellow, round, glittering, too bright and too small for a penny. I felt it ; I squeezed it in my fingers ; I spelled out the inscriptions ; then something whispered me that it was a gold coin of great value, and that if I did not wish to lose it, I had better pocket it as soon as possible.

“ Trembling with excitement, I put the coin in my pocket. But it did not rest there. Every two minutes I took it out to look at it. But whenever I met anybody, I was careful to put it out of sight. Somehow, I felt a guilty dread of finding an owner to the coin. Provided I found none, I thought it was honestly mine, by right of discovery ; and I comforted myself with the sophistry that it was not my business to go about the streets, crying ‘ Who has lost ? ’

“ I went home with the gold in my pocket. I would not have had the farmer folks know what I had found, for the world. I was sorely troubled with the fear of losing my precious treasure.—This was not all. It seemed to me that my face betrayed my secret. I could not look at anybody with an honest eye.

“ These troubles kept me awake half the night, and projects for securing my treasure by a safe investment the other half. On the following morning I was feverish and nervous. When

farmer Webb, at the breakfast table, said, 'William!' I started and trembled, thinking the next words would be—'Where is that piece of gold you have found and wickedly concealed, to keep it from the rightful owner?' But he only said, 'I want you to go to Job Baldwin's this morning, and ask him if he can come and work for me to-day and to-morrow.'

"I felt quite relieved. Leaving the house, I got out of sight as soon as possible. Then once more I took the coin out of my pocket and feasted on its beauty. Yet I was unhappy. Consciousness of wrong troubled me, and I almost wished I had not found the piece of gold. Should I not be called a thief, if discovered? I asked myself. Was it not as wrong to conceal what I had found, as to take the same amount originally from the owner's pocket? Was not he defrauded the same?

"But then I said to myself,—Why, if I do not know who the loser is, how can I give him his money? It is only because I am afraid farmer Webb will take it away from me, that I conceal it; that's all. I would not *steal* gold; and if the loser should ask me for it, I would give it to him. I apologized thus to myself all the way to Job Baldwin's house; but, after all, it would not do. The gold was like a heavy stone, bound to my heart. It was a sort of unhappy charm, which gave an evil spirit power to torment me. And I could not help thinking that I was not half so well pleased with my

great riches, as I had been with a piece of copper, which I had found some weeks before. Nobody claimed the penny, although I kept my good fortune no secret; and I had been happy as a king—or, as a king is commonly supposed to be.

“Job Baldwin was not at home, and I returned to the farmer’s house. I saw Mr. Wardley’s horse standing at the gate, and I was terribly frightened. Mr. Wardley was a constable; and I knew he had come to take me to jail. So I hid in the garden until he went away. By that time reason began to prevail over cowardice, and I made my appearance at the house. The farmer looked angrily at me.

“Now, thought I, feeling faint, he is going to accuse me of finding the gold. But he only scolded me for being so long about my errand. I never received a reprimand so willingly. His severe words sounded sweet,—I had expected something so much more terrible.

“I worked all day with the gold in my pocket. I wonder farmer Webb did not suspect something, for I stopped so often to see if the gold was really there—for, much as the possession of it troubled me, the fear of losing it troubled me scarcely less. I was not happy. I wished a hundred times I had not found the gold. I felt that it would be a relief to lay it down on the roadside; again I wrapped it in brown paper, just as I had found it, but placed it once more in my pocket. I wondered if ill-got wealth made everybody so miserable.

“ At night I was sent again to Job Baldwin’s, and, having found him, obtained his promise to work at farmer Webb’s on the following day. It was dark when I went home, and I was afraid of robbers. I never felt so cowardly in my life. It seemed to me that anybody could rob me with a clear conscience, because my treasure was not mine. I got home, and went tremblingly to bed.

“ Job Baldwin came early to breakfast with us. I should tell you something about him. He was an honest, poor man, who supported a large family by hard work. Everybody liked him, he was so industrious and faithful; and besides making good wages for his labour, he often got presents of meal and flour from those who employed him.

“ Well, at the breakfast table, after farmer Webb had asked the blessing, and given Baldwin a piece of pork, so that he might eat and get to work as soon as possible, something was said about the ‘news.’ ‘I suppose you have heard about my misfortune?’ said Job Baldwin. ‘Your misfortune?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Why, what has happened to you?’ asked the farmer. ‘I thought everybody had heard of it,’ replied Baldwin. ‘You see, the other night, when Mr. Woodley paid me, he gave me a gold piece.’

“ I started, and felt the blood forsake my cheeks.—All eyes were fixed upon Baldwin, however, so my confusion was not observed.

“ ‘ A guinea,’ said Baldwin. ‘ It seemed to me that if I should put it in my pocket, like a cent, or a half dollar, I should lose it. So, like a goose, I wrapped it in a piece of paper, and placed it in my coat pocket, where I thought it was safe. I never did a more foolish thing. I must have lost the coin taking out my handkerchief; and the paper would prevent its making any noise as it fell. I discovered my loss when I got home, and went back to look for it; but somebody must have picked it up.’

“ ‘ Who could be so dishonest as to keep it?’ asked the farmer.

“ I felt as if I were sinking through the floor.

“ ‘ I do not know,’ replied the poor man, shaking his head sadly. ‘ I hope his conscience won’t trouble him more than the money is worth; though I know this, that I sadly miss my honest earnings.’

“ This was too much for me. The allusion to my conscience brought the gold out of my pocket. I resolved to make a clean breast of it, and be honest, in spite of poverty and shame. So I held the gold in my trembling hand, and said, ‘ Is *this* yours, Mr. Baldwin?’

“ My voice was so faint that he did not hear me. So I repeated my question in a more courageous tone. All eyes were turned upon me in astonishment; and the farmer demanded where and when I had found the gold.

"I burst into tears, and confessed everything. I expected the farmer would whip me almost to death. But he patted my head, and said more kindly than was his habit, 'Do not cry about it, William. You are an honest boy, if you did come near falling into temptation. Always be honest, my son; and if you do not grow rich, you will be happy, with a clear conscience.'

"But I cried still—for joy. I laughed, too; the farmer had touched my heart. Of what a load was I relieved! I felt then that honesty was the best policy.

"As for Job Baldwin, he declared that I should have half the money, for finding it; but I wished to keep clear of the troublesome stuff for a time, and I did—I would not touch his offer; and I never regretted it, boy as I was.

"Well, I was the farmer's favourite after this. He was very kind to me, and trusted me in everything. I was careful not to deceive him; I preserved the strictest candour and good faith; and *that*, with God's blessing, has made me what I am. When he died, he left me in his will five hundred dollars, with which I came here and bought new lands, which are now worth a great many guineas. But this has nothing to do with my story. That is told; and all I have to add is, I have never regretted clearing my conscience of poor Job Baldwin's guinea."

THE ALPINE HORN.

THE sun's last beams of glorious light
Are passing fast away,
The icy cliffs of Alpine height
Have caught the latest ray.

Wrapt in the shrouds of twilight shade,
The valleys far below,
And pastures where the flocks were fed,
Have faded from the view.

The shepherd's day of toil is past,
The night comes clear and cold,
And now, with his peculiar blast,
He lures his flocks a-fold.

Soon from some height of snow and storms
The pealing shout is heard,
"*Praise ye the Lord!*"—an hundred horns
Respond, "PRAISE YE THE LORD."

From cliff to cliff, from peak to peak,
Rebounding echoes fly,
Mont Blanc's vast solitudes now speak,
And then the echoes die.

Now, for a moment silence reigns,
The shepherds bow in prayer ;
Now, Alpine horns are heard again,
Borne on the still cold air.

Q

"Good night, good night, good night," they cry,
With joyful, grateful breast;
Again the waking echoes die,
And all retire to rest;
Safe 'neath the shelter of thy wings,
Creator, Saviour, King of kings !

P. H. B.



TRUTH IN TRIFLES.

"Nothing is little where a *moral* lurks."—MONTGOMERY.

"I REALLY was afraid, this morning, that we should not get rid of that disagreeable woman in time to have our walk before dinner," exclaimed Ellen Summers, as she sat at work with her mother in the evening of the day.

"I was no less pleased than yourself to be able to enjoy our morning's walk," Mrs. Summers observed; "but I was grieved beyond measure that it was purchased at the expense of your veracity, Ellen."

The young lady addressed looked up with an expression of surprise, but the grave aspect of her mother caused a blush to suffuse her cheek. "Surely, mamma," she expostulated, "you do not refer to my taking advantage of your watch being half-an-hour too fast, in order to hasten Miss Goodman's departure."

"I do, my dear; for however lightly *you* may regard the deception, it has caused *me* much uneasiness."

"Oh, mamma, I did not think there was any harm in such a slight deviation from truth, for it could not injure any one."

"Yes, my love, it was an injury to *yourself*, for you have committed a moral wrong. Thus you have made me unhappy. If your deception is discovered by Miss Goodman (which will doubtless be the case), you will have shaken her confidence in you for the future, and what is of more importance than all, you have offended God."

"Oh, I do not think any one else would see it in the light that you do, mamma; it was such a trifle."

"You err in supposing it to be a trifle, Ellen. There are no such things as trifles in morals, because every action must

produce some result. It forms a part of the aggregate of good or evil we do, and is thus of importance ; our lives are a tissue of events of a *seemingly* trifling character, yet who will say that life itself is a trifle?"

"You are giving it a serious aspect, dear mamma."

"I am not viewing it more seriously than the subject demands. Truth may be said to form a foundation for all the virtues ; a strict regard to its requirements is, therefore, of the highest moment.

"We will suppose," Mrs. Summers, after a brief pause, resumed, "we will suppose a community in which truth is itself disregarded, where falsehood is habitual, and no shame is experienced on detection."

"Dear mamma, what a sad picture you are drawing!" said Ellen.

"You think it sad, my love, because I have laid an extended view of the subject before you. It is the self-same thing which you have palliated in your own case ; but let me proceed with my illustration. We will imagine this community to consist of different grades of society. A manufacturer forms a large establishment in order to carry on some extensive branch of commerce, and he hires a number of workmen for the accomplishment of the active duties. This done, he says to himself, 'These fellows have promised fair, but I don't expect that they will perform one half of their

promises. I shall consequently have my business neglected, and little hope remains of my ultimate success.' The workmen, on the other hand, may be supposed to assemble and express their doubts as to whether the representations of their employer are worthy of any credit. Mutual mistrust begets mutual dislike, and a period will soon be put to a connexion, founded on such hollow principles. Again, a merchant has made a considerable purchase—he has been furnished with samples of the goods, but having no confidence in the probity of his fellow-trader, he feels himself under a necessity to examine them minutely before he pays for them. The other, in his turn, questions the genuineness of the coin which he, receives, and is on the alert lest some imposition should be practised.

“We will next imagine a social party, one of the members of which is a traveller who has recently visited a foreign land. He gives an animated description of the scenery, and enters into minute details of the manners and customs of the people, but his hearers evince not the slightest interest, for this reason, they give no credence to his assertions.

“Lastly, we will conceive a family in this false, distrustful community reduced to extreme want, perhaps by events over which they had no control. The father, afflicted by the sight of his starving children, goes forth to lay his unfortunate circumstances before his fellow-citizens, hoping by this means

to procure some relief; but the same cause which produced want of faith in the former cases, acts here also, and the result is that the distressed family are not aided because the statements of the applicant are not believed."

"Oh, mamma, I cannot help shuddering at the sad scenes you have represented."

"I do not wonder that you should feel thus, my love," Mrs. Summers rejoined; "but that which is true in the case of individuals, must be so with communities, though in the latter it assumes a more serious aspect, on account of its magnitude. In a society where truthfulness was not cultivated, all confidence would be broken up between man and man—all the pleasurable emotions which arise from our social intercourse would be nipped in the bud—all domestic harmony would be at an end—all respect for our species would cease—and human life, instead of becoming a theatre for the exercise of virtue, would be one continuous scene of mistrust, discord, and misery."

A. M. S.

THE LIFE OF A LOOKING-GLASS.

It being very much the custom, as I am informed, even for obscure individuals, to furnish some account of themselves, for the edification of the public, I hope I shall not be deemed

impertinent for calling your attention to a few particulars of my own history. I cannot, indeed, boast of any very extraordinary incidents; but having, during the course of a long life, had much leisure and opportunity for observation, and being naturally of a *reflecting* cast, I thought it might be in my power to offer some remarks that may not be wholly unprofitable to your readers.

My earliest recollection is that of a carver and gilder's workshop; where I remained for many months, leaning with my face to the wall; and having never known any livelier scene, I was very well contented with my quiet condition. The first object that I remember to have arrested my attention was, what I now believe must have been a large spider, which, after a vast deal of scampering about, began, very deliberately, to weave a very curious web all over my face. This afforded me great amusement; and not then knowing what far lovelier objects were destined to my gaze, I did not resent the indignity.

At length, when little dreaming of any change of fortune, I felt myself suddenly removed from my station; and immediately afterwards underwent a curious operation, which, at the time, gave me considerable apprehensions for my safety: but these were succeeded by pleasure, upon finding myself arrayed in a broad black frame, handsomely carved and gilt; for you will please to observe, that the period of which I am

now speaking was upwards of fourscore years ago. This process being finished, I was presently placed, very carefully, in a large packing case, and sent a long journey, by wagon, to London. That I may not be tedious, I will not here stay to relate the surprise and terror I endured during this transportation; nor the serious apprehensions I entertained that my delicate frame would never survive the jolts and jars it underwent in the course of it. Indeed, I have reason to believe that I was in imminent danger many times, not to mention the extreme darkness and dreariness of my situation. How sincerely did I then wish to be replaced in my old quiet corner, which appeared cheerfulness itself when compared with my present forlorn condition. So little are we capable of judging what circumstances will eventually prove most conducive to our happiness!

At last, after many, to me, unintelligible movements, I found, to my great joy, that my prison was being unbarred. The cheerful light once again shone upon me; and a person, whom I afterwards found to be my new master's apprentice, (and with whom I soon became well acquainted,) lifted me carefully out. No sooner had he cleared away from my face the straw and paper with which I had been well nigh suffocated, than, as I observed, he gave me a very significant look; which, to confess the truth, I took, at the time, for a compliment to myself;—but I have since learned to interpret such.

compliments more truly. Striking, indeed, was the contrast between my late mode of life, and that to which I was now introduced. My new situation was in the shop-window, with my face to the street; which was one of the most public in London. Here my attention was, at first, quite distracted by the constant succession of objects that passed before me. It was not long, however, before I began to remark the considerable degree of attention which I, myself, excited; and how much I was distinguished, in this respect, from the other articles, my neighbours, in the shop-window.

I observed that passengers who appeared to be posting away upon urgent business, would often just turn, and give me a friendly glance as they passed. But I was particularly gratified to observe, that while the old, the shabby, and the wretched, seldom took any notice of me, the young, the gay, and the handsome, generally paid me this compliment; and that these good-looking people always appeared to be best pleased with me; which I attributed to their superior discernment. I well remember one young lady, who used to pass my master's shop regularly every morning, on her way to school, and who never omitted to turn her head to look at me, as she went by; so that, at last, we became well acquainted with each other. I must confess that at this period of my life I was in great danger of becoming insufferably vain, from the attentions that were then paid me; and, perhaps, I am

not the only individual, to whom a sudden removal from retirement to a more public mode of life, has proved a hazardous and trying event to the character: nor the only one who has formed mistaken notions as to the attentions they receive in society.

My vanity, however, received a considerable check from one circumstance; nearly all the things by which I was surrounded in the shop-window, although many of them were much more homely in structure, and humble in their destination, were disposed of sooner than myself. I had the mortification of seeing one after another bargained for and sent away, while I remained, month after month, without a purchaser. At last, however, a gentleman and lady from the country, (who had been standing some time in the street, inspecting, and, as I perceived, conversing about me,) walked into the shop; and after some altercation with my master, agreed to purchase me; upon which I was once more packed up, and sent off on a longer journey than before. I was far less disconcerted, this time, by my unpleasant circumstances, than during my past journey, concluding they would terminate, as before, in a change for the better. Another proof of our incompetence to judge of the real tendency of passing events.

I was very curious, you may suppose, upon arriving at my new quarters, to see what kind of a life I was likely to lead. I remained, however, some time unmolested in my packing

case, and very flat I felt there. Upon being, at last, unpacked, I found myself in the stone hall of a large, lone house in the country. My master and mistress, I soon learned, were new-married people, just setting up house-keeping : and I was intended to decorate their best parlour ; to which I was presently conveyed ; and after some little discussion between them in fixing my longitude and latitude, I was hung up opposite the fireplace, in an angle of ten degrees from the wall, according to the fashion of those times.

I felt, at first, very well pleased with my situation ; and looked with complacency upon the various objects before me, which, like myself, were all new and handsome ; but perhaps I should have experienced some dismay, if I had known that I was destined to spend fifty years in that spot, without undergoing any change myself, or witnessing any in the things that surrounded me, except, indeed, that imperceptibly produced by time.

Yet there I hung, year after year, almost in perpetual solitude. My master and mistress were sober, old-fashioned people ; they saw no company except at fair-time, and Christmas day, on which occasions only they occupied the best-parlour. My countenance used to brighten up, when I saw the annual fire kindled in that ample grate ; and when a cheerful circle of country cousins assembled round it. At those times I always got a little noticed from the young folks : but those

festivities over, I was condemned to another half-year of complete loneliness. How familiar to my recollection, at this hour, is that large old-fashioned parlour! I can remember, as well as if I had seen them but yesterday, the noble flowers in the crimson damask chair-covers and window curtains; and those curiously carved tables and chairs. I could describe every one of the stories on the Dutch tiles that surrounded the grate; the rich China ornaments on the wide mantel-piece, and the pattern of the paper-hangings, which consisted alternately of a parrot, a poppy and a shepherdess,—a parrot, a poppy and a shepherdess.

The room being so little used, the window-shutters were rarely opened; but there were three holes cut in each, in the shape of a heart, through which, day after day, and year after year, I used to watch the sun-beams, streaming across the room. I should mention, however, that I seldom missed a short visit from my master and mistress, on a Sunday morning, when they came down stairs ready dressed for church. I can remember how my mistress used to trot in upon her high-heeled shoes, unfold a leaf of one of the shutters, then come and stand straight before me; then turn round to the right and left, never failing to see if the corner of her well-starched kerchief was pinned exactly in the middle. I think I can see her now, in her favourite dove-coloured lustring, (which she wore every Sunday in every summer for seven

years at the least,) and her long full ruffles and worked apron. Then followed my good master; who, though his visit was somewhat shorter, never failed to come and settle his Sunday wig before me.

Time rolled away; and my master and mistress, with all that appertained to them, insensibly suffered from its influence. When I first knew them they were a young, blooming couple as you would wish to see; but I gradually perceived an alteration. My mistress began to stoop a little, and my master got a cough, which troubled him, more or less, to the end of his days. At first, and for many a year, my mistress' foot upon the stairs was light and nimble; and she would come in as blithe and as brisk as a lark: but at last it was a slow, heavy step, and even my master's began to totter. And, in these respects, everything else kept pace with them: the crimson damask that I remembered so fresh and bright was now faded and worn; the dark, polished mahogany was, in some places, worm-eaten; the parrot's gay plumage on the walls grew dull; and I, myself, though long unconscious of it, partook of the universal decay. The dissipated taste I had acquired, upon my first introduction into society, gave way to a grave meditative turn. The change which I witnessed in all things around me, caused me to reflect much on their vanity; and when, upon the occasions before mentioned, I used to see the gay, blooming faces of the young saluting me

with so much complacency, I would fain have admonished them of the alteration they must soon undergo; and told them how certainly their bloom, also, must fade away as a flower. But, alas! you know, looking-glasses can only *reflect*.

After I had remained in this condition, to the best of my knowledge, above five and forty years, I suddenly missed my poor old master: he came to visit me no more; and by the change in my mistress' apparel, I guessed what had happened. Five years more passed away, and then I saw no more of her. In a short time after this several rude strangers entered the room: the long rusty screw, which had held me up so many years, was drawn out; and I, together with all the goods and chattels in the house, were put up at auction, in that very apartment which I had so long peaceably occupied. I felt a good deal hurt, at the very contemptuous terms in which I was spoken of by some of the bidders; for, as I said, I was not aware that I had become as old-fashioned as my poor old master and mistress. At last I was knocked down for a trifling sum, and sent away to a very different destination.

Before going to my new residence I was sent to a workman to be refitted in a new frame as a table dressing-glass; which, although it completely changed my appearance, I must confess, set very uneasily upon me. And now I for the first time became acquainted with my natural use, capacity and importance. My new station was no other than

the dressing-room of a young lady, just come from school. Before I was well placed on a dressing-table she came to survey me, and with a look of such complacency and good will, as I had not seen for many a day. I was now presently initiated in all the mysteries of the toilet. Oh, what an endless variety of laces, jewels, silks, and ribbons; pins, combs, cushions, and curling-irons; washes, essences, powders, and



patches, were daily spread before me! If I had been heretofore almost tired with the sight of my old mistress' everlasting lustring, I really felt still more so with this profusion of ornament and preparation. I was, indeed, favoured with my fair mistress' constant attentions; they were so unremitting

as perfectly to astonish me, after being so long accustomed to comparative neglect. Never did she enter her room, on the most hasty errand, without just vouchsafing me a kind glance and at leisure hours I was indulged with much longer visits. Indeed, to confess the truth, I was sometimes quite surprised at their length; but I don't mean to tell tales.—During the hour of dressing, when I was more professionally engaged with her, there was, I could perceive, nothing in the room—in the house—nay, I believe, nothing in the world, of so much importance in her estimation as myself. But I have frequently remarked, with concern, the different aspect with which she would regard me at those times, and when she returned at night from the evening's engagements. However late it was, or however fatigued she might be, still I was sure of a greeting as soon as she entered; but instead of the bright blooming face I had seen a few hours before, it was generally pale and haggard, and not unfrequently bearing a strong expression of disappointment or chagrin.

My mistress would frequently bring a crowd of her young companions into her apartment; and it was amusing to see how they would each in turn come to pay their respects to me. What varied features and expressions in the course of a few minutes I had thus an opportunity of observing, upon which I used to make my own quiet reflections!

In this manner I continued some years in the service of my

mistress, without any material alteration taking place either in her or me: but at length I began to perceive that her aspect towards me was considerably changed, especially when I compared it with my first recollections of her. She now appeared to regard me with somewhat less complacency; and would frequently survey me with a mingled expression of displeasure and suspicion, as though some change had taken place in *me*, though I was sure it was no fault of mine. Indeed, I could never reflect upon myself for a moment, with regard to my conduct towards any of my owners: I have ever been a faithful servant; nor have I once, in the course of my whole life, given a false answer to any one I have had to do with. I am, by nature, equally averse to flattery, and detraction; and this I may say for myself, that I am incapable of misrepresentation. It was with mingled sensations of contempt and compassion, that I witnessed the efforts my mistress now made, in endeavouring to force me to yield the same satisfaction to her as I had done upon our first acquaintance. Perhaps, in my confidential situation, it would be scarcely honourable to disclose all I saw; suffice it then to hint, that to my candid temper, it was painful to be obliged to connive at that borrowed bloom, which after all was substituted for that of nature; time, too, greatly baffled even these expedients, and threatened to render them wholly ineffectual. Many a cross and reproachful look had I now to endure; which,

however, I took patiently, being always remarkably smooth and even in my temper. Well remembering how sadly Time had spoiled the face of my poor old mistress, I dreaded the consequences if my present owner should experience, by-and-by, as rough treatment from him; and I believe she dreaded it too; but these apprehensions were needless. Time is not seldom arrested in the midst of his occupations: and it was so in this instance. I was one day greatly shocked, by beholding my poor mistress stretched out in a remote part of the room, arrayed in very different ornaments to those I had been used to see her wear; she was so much altered that I scarcely knew her; but for this she could not now reproach me. I watched her thus for a few days, as she lay before me, as cold and motionless as myself; but she was soon conveyed away; and I shortly afterwards was engaged in the service of another mistress.

My new station was, in some respects, very similar to my last; that is, I was again placed in a young lady's apartment, where I did not doubt but I should be called to witness the same appearances and operations as before: but in this I was mistaken. The first circumstance that made me suspect my new mistress differed from my late one, was, that when she first entered her chamber after my arrival, I observed that she remained there for a considerable time, and at last went out again without taking the least notice of me. This surprised

me exceedingly. The first time I had a full view of her, was the next morning as soon as she arose, when she came and spent a few minutes in my company, adjusting a neat morning dress, and combing out some pretty simple ringlets upon her fair forehead. It was not such a fine formed face, as I remember my last mistress' was, when I first entered her service; but having by this time, from the nature of my studies, acquired considerable skill in physiognomy, I confess it pleased me much better: and although I found I should meet with less attention here, than I had lately been accustomed to, I was now too old, and knew too well how to estimate those attentions, to feel at all mortified at the neglect. The visits my new mistress paid me were very regular; about thrice a day she used to avail herself for a short time of my service; and while on these occasions I never remember to have received a cross or discontented look from her, so I never, on the other hand, witnessed that expression of secret satisfaction, or anxious inquiry, which I had often heretofore occasion to remark.

My mistress spent much time alone in her chamber; but it was rarely indeed that she took any notice of me, except at those times when I was really wanted. I have known her to sit, many a time, for two or three hours, working or reading at the table on which I stood, without once lifting up her head to look at me; though I could see her all the time. I have

observed her light figure pass and re-pass twenty times before me, without once glancing at me as she went by. Thus we lived together very good friends; neither of us making any unreasonable demands upon the other. Time, as usual, passed away; but I was particularly struck in observing the different effect of his operations on the countenance of my present possessor, and that of my last. There was, of course, in a few years, some visible alteration: but although the bloom of youth began to fade, there was nothing less of sweetness, cheerfulness, and contentment, in her expression. She retained the same placid smile, the same unclouded brow, the same mildness in her eye, (though it was somewhat less sparkling,) as when it beamed upon me ten years before.

I saw here but few things and little variety; except such as the changing seasons, and a moderate attention to changing fashions occasioned: but then, I was never annoyed, as I had been in my last place, with that heterogeneous mixture of fragments of littered finery, with which the room and dressing table used to be scattered in all directions, after the grand operation was over; and which lay full in my view for hours, till my mistress' return at night, or more often till the next morning. All here was neat and orderly; which to me was a very great accommodation; having acquired, in early life, from the orderly habits of my poor old mistress, such a love of neatness, that anything untidy was particularly offensive

to me. I became, as you may easily imagine, much attached to my present employer, and wished for nothing better than to pass the remainder of my days in her service: but herein I was disappointed.

One morning early, she appeared before me, surrounded by several fair attendants, and devoted to me a little more time and attention than was usual with her. I shall never forget the expression of her countenance, as she stood arrayed all in white, and gave me one more pensive look, which I little thought, at the time, would be the last I should ever receive from her; but so it was. There was a great bustle in the house that morning, (whatever was the reason,) and I saw my fair mistress no more.

Ever since I have continued in quiet possession of her deserted chamber, which is only occasionally visited by other parts of the family: sometimes my dear mistress' favourite cat will steal in, as though in quest of her; leap up upon the table, purr, and sweep her long tail across my face; then catching a glimpse of me, jump down again and run out as though she was frightened. I feel that I am now getting old, and almost beyond further service. I have an ugly crack, occasioned by the careless stroke of a broom, all across my left corner; my coat is very much worn in several places; even my new frame is tarnished and old-fashioned; so that I cannot expect any new employment.

Having now, therefore, nothing to reflect on but the past scenes of my life, I have amused myself with giving you an account of them. I said I had made physiognomy my study, and that I have acquired some skill in the interesting science. The result of my observations will, at least, be deemed impartial, when I say, that I am generally least pleased with the character of those faces, which appear the most so with mine. And I have seen occasion so far to alter the opinions of my inexperienced youth, that, for those who spend the least time with me, and treat me with little consideration, I conceive the highest esteem; and their aspect generally produces the most pleasing *reflections*.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE LOVELIEST SIGHT.

It is a glorious sight to see
The brightly shining sun,
Or watch him slowly sink to rest
When his day's work is done.
'Tis sweet to gaze upon the moon's
Soft silvery beams of light;
Or on the countless host of stars
Which brighten nature's night.

With joy we view the smiling fields,
When a kind Father's hand
The abundant harvest freely gives,
And plenty crowns our land
We love the flowrets of the wild,
Whose fragrance fills the air,
Nor less, those many tinted stars
That light the gay parterre.

We love to watch the child at play
In infant mirth and glee,
Or trace its features as it sleeps
On a fond mother's knee.
We hail with pride youth's glowing cheek
Or beauty's glancing eye,
And young and ardent hearts which seem
Earth's sorrow to defy.

But there's a sight more glorious far
Than all the beams of light
Which shine upon our world by day,
Or cheer us through the night—
Better than autumn's golden store,
Or summer's sweetest flower,
Than guileless childhood's happiness,
Or youthful beauty's power ;—

It is—to see a youthful mind
Turn its chief hopes to Heaven,
To see the heart to holy thoughts
In its first freshness given ;

And while in health, and joy, and strength,
For future years prepare,
Seeking the Spirit's gracious help,
In earnest frequent prayer.

To see that folly fails to please,
Temptation to allure ;
Though sin and vice are spread around,
To know the heart keeps pure :
To see the one we fondly love,
In simple faith and truth,
"Remember his Creator"
In the sunny days of youth.



“FINIS.”

“THE END.”—There must be an end to a book as well as to every thing else under the sun. In bringing the present little volume to a close, we would remember that we have been engaged in presenting thoughts to the mind, in the hope that the result will be seen in the lives of our youthful readers. We have been sowing seed; the fruit is looked for in virtuous and pious actions. It is as if a jewel had been placed in our hands, on which we were to inscribe words and sentiments which should appear at another day. That jewel is the immortal mind, and the influence of those words and sentiments will remain.

The work was planned with a desire to benefit those who should read its pages. The tales and descriptive pieces were written to awaken a thoughtful attention, and to convey useful morals to the heart. As example often teaches better than precept, true narratives have been blended with lighter pieces of fiction, that it may be shown not only what *ought* to be done, but what *can* be done, and *has been* done by others. Choice flowers of poetry have been culled from many gardens, and entwined in a simple wreath, not merely to please the fancy, but to teach in an agreeable and attractive way some lessons of truth and duty. The whole is designed to cherish habits of thinking, to store the memory with useful knowledge,

to impress maxims of wisdom on tender hearts, to create a taste for religious reading, and, above all, to assist in directing the inquiring and the thoughtful to Jesus, as the only Saviour of the world.

While such, we trust, has been our aim, have the readers been willing not only to be entertained, but, keeping in view the higher purpose of the book, have they attended to the improvement of the understanding and the profit of the soul? If so, then both they who planted, and they who have plucked the flower, will one day rejoice together.

May this ROSE-BUD yield its odours alike in winter and summer, and, finding a place in the bosom of youth, may it impart a fragrance of virtue and piety for years to come!

C.



PUBLICATIONS
OF
The Religious Tract Society.

THE CHRISTIAN GARLAND :

A Companion for Leisure Hours. Consisting of Prose and Poetry, Original and Selected, and embellished with numerous beautifully Coloured Engravings. Foolscap 8vo. 5s. extra cloth boards, gilt edges.

THE NEW CASKET :

A Gift Book for all Seasons. With beautifully Coloured Engravings and fine Woodcuts. Foolscap 8vo. 3s. 6d. extra boards, gilt edges.

FEMALE EXCELLENCE ;

Or, Hints to Daughters : designed for their use from the time of leaving School till their Settlement in Life. 18mo. cloth boards, 2s. ; half-bound, 3s. ; roan or silk, 3s.

THE EXCELLENT WOMAN,

As described in Prov. xxxi. Steel-plate Engravings. Square 16mo. cloth boards, 3s. ; morocco, 6s. ; white morocco, 7s.

THE CHILD'S BOOK OF POETRY.

18mo. with many Engravings. 1s. 6d. cloth boards.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

BRIGHTNESS AND BEAUTY;

Or, The Religion of Christ affectionately commended to the Young.
By the Rev. E. MANNERING. 18mo. 1s. cloth boards; 1s. 6d. half-bd.

THREE MONTHS UNDER THE SNOW.

Translated from the French. Engravings. 18mo. 1s. 6d. cloth boards.

QUIET THOUGHTS FOR QUIET HOURS.

18mo. with Engravings. 2s. extra cloth boards.

THE CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.

New Series for Children. With superior Coloured Engravings.
2s. in elegant cover.

THE SISTER'S FRIEND;

Or, Christmas Holidays at Home. Engravings. 1s. 6d. neat boards;
2s. extra boards, gilt edges.

HOME LIFE.

18mo. with Engravings. 1s. 6d. cloth boards; 2s. extra bds. gilt edges.

CITY COUSINS.

18mo. Engravings. 1s. 6d. boards; 2s. extra boards, gilt edges.

THE MIRACLES OF CHRIST;

With Explanatory Observations, and Illustrations from Modern Travels.
18mo. with Engravings. 1s. 6d. cloth boards.

